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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

PROFESSOR BRENTANO has long been a leader among those German economists who regarded economic imperialism — at least economic imperialism promoted by German methods — a mistaken policy. Notwithstanding the fact that he is a German by birth — though a member of a family of Italian origin — and that his work as a teacher has been in Germany, Brentano is a pupil of the older school of English liberalism. A free trader by doctrine and sympathies, he regarded the war as a product of economic rivalries begotten of a mistaken neo-mercantile policy — a policy which its outcome seems for the time being likely to foster rather than discourage.

WE print a rather colored account of the trial of Count Arco, who assassinated Kurt Eisner, the Socialist Premier of Bavaria, because it is a document of current sentiment in Munich. Isolde Kurz wrote equally sympathetic descriptions of the revolution and the Communist régime when revolution and radicalism were the vogue in the Bavarian capital.

It will be recalled that Eisner, a Socialist editor and pamphleteer — and perhaps the most popular *feuilleton* writer of his party, came into prominence very suddenly as the leader of the revolution, which broke out in Munich early in November, 1918. Probably no one was more surprised than his party comrades at his sudden rise to political power; for he was considered by them a gifted visionary rather than a practical leader. When the Bavarian elections rolled up large majorities in the country districts in favor of moderate revolution rather than the extreme measures of the Communists, Eisner hesitated to recognize the new Parliament. A bitter conflict punctuated by assassinations and attempted assassinations, ensued, in the midst of which Eisner was shot on February 21, 1919, by the young man whose trial is described in the following pages.

Of course, the failure to carry out the death sentence has aroused great resentment among the Socialists, especially since Communist leaders accused of political assassinations have been executed.

ALTHOUGH the French Socialists lost many seats in Parliament at the last general election, their programme and policies lost nothing thereby in interest for the general public. The radical wing of the Socialists seems to be gain-

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ing ground not only in France, but also in Italy, Spain, Belgium, and Norway. What were formerly small extremist groups have either acquired control of the party machinery or are able to force extensive concessions to their programme.

We now see Jean Longuet, a grandson of Karl Marx, who but a year ago ranked among the extreme radicals in France, defending the party management against a powerful minority more radical than himself. However, at the Strassburg Congress his followers succeeded by a vote of 3031 to 1632 in rejecting unconditional endorsement of Russian Bolshevism, in favor of a more cautious but still friendly policy toward that movement.

An aspect of Bolshevist propaganda disquieting Western Europe, is that even if an effective 'sanitary cordon' against it is maintained from the Black Sea to the Baltic, with Roumanians and Poles as watchmen, a new channel for its spread appears to be opening *via* Finland and the Scandinavian countries. With the occupation of Northern Russia, the Soviet Government has become a next-door neighbor to Norway, where the radical element is already in control of the Socialist party organization. In Finland, to be sure, a relatively conservative — though no longer reactionary — ministry is in power. But the revolution of 1918 in that country betrayed a condition of sentiment among the masses most unpromising for the permanent security of such a government. The trade unions have seceded from the Conservative Socialist party and gone over in a body to the Communists. A moderate or parliamentary group is still in control of the Social Democratic party machinery in Sweden and Denmark, but its hold is visibly weakening. During the recent engineering strike in Sweden, a movement was seriously inaugurated among the strikers to migrate *en masse* to Russia.

We must bear constantly in mind that revolution continues in progress throughout Europe. The immediate issue is now clearly defined. It lies between parliamentary government and proletarian dictatorship. From Portugal and Spain to Finland and Sweden, and from the Islam East to the English Channel, this issue may at any hour and in any country cause a decisive crisis. If legislative bodies organized as at present prove competent to deal with these new problems that face society, they will doubtless survive. But they are challenged. To one following the drift of popular sentiment in Europe, the power behind this challenge grows daily more impressive.

WHETHER or not militarism is now exercising undue influence upon the foreign policy of France, as is sometimes asserted, army service is certainly unpopular with the average citizen. According to *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, which keeps a sharp eye upon military conditions in the neighboring republic, the French home army has become an organization of officers with very few soldiers. The streets are thronged with the former; but even in the barrack quarters you meet hardly any privates, although the garrison at Paris is as strong on paper as it was before the war. The reason is that France has so few soldiers available for its home stations that these regiments are mere skeletons. Its forces in Syria, the Balkans, and Northern Africa employ so many of the two-year recruits that, except for the eight divisions stationed on the Rhine, no other formations even approach their normal strength. On April 15, the class of 1918 was discharged from active service and the class of 1920 is being summoned half at a time, the first contingent being

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called to the colors on March 1. This signifies a reduction in the army of about 100,000 men, or, until the new recruits get some training, of 200,000. This reduction is not inspired by pacifist motives, but has been made under the stress of necessity. The people of France are weary of war and military burdens. The psychological collapse of French militarism is imminent. The government does not dare to call the whole class of 1920 to the colors. It does not venture to call out the reservists; for the people would not tolerate such a measure.

PESTER LLOYD publishes an interview with Admiral Von Horthy, the newly elected 'protector' of the country, in which he makes the following reference to America:

I say, frankly, that I expect a great deal from the United States. That country has not understood Hungary or our conditions. It has been misled by the efficient propaganda of our enemies, and for this reason contributed its share to our ruin. Americans are practical and matter-of-fact in their political policies, but their history shows that they are guided by powerful moral ideals in making vital decisions. In the great crises of their history they have always responded to ideal influences instead of to purely material considerations. Hundreds of thousands of Hungarians have their home in America, and we know that they have been horrified by the harsh terms imposed upon their unhappy motherland by the conqueror. Those brothers across the water will do their duty. They will exert themselves to place the true facts before their fellow citizens of a different parentage. It is my firm belief that the day will eventually come that the nation which voluntarily incurred the horrors of civil war to abolish slavery, will find it unendurable to support a Peace Treaty which enslaves whole nations. When that day comes it will certainly have the courage to champion the course its conscience dictates and will again make its influence felt in the affairs of Central Europe.

The nations to-day are divided into two classes, the victors and the vanquished. Until that classification is abolished, there cannot be any 'League of Nations.' Just so long as one nation is enslaved, no other nation can be truly free. International hatred will continue until civilization finally revolts against it. A League of Nations organization will perhaps be of some service as an agency through which crying injustice can plead its case before the public opinion of mankind, and healing hands may be inspired to come to our relief.

Conditions in Hungary continue to be unsatisfactory in spite of the successful outcome of the last election. Socialists and Liberals throughout Europe charge the government with conducting a 'white terror' for which there is no precedent, except possibly in Finland after the German occupation of the latter country in 1918. It is charged that men are being imprisoned without warrant or warning, practically by *lettres-de-cachet*. Recently, the editor of the principal Social Democrat daily of Budapest, together with a journalist companion, disappeared, and their bodies were later recovered frightfully mutilated from the Danube. These men were moderate Socialists, opposed to Bolshevism. Reports are current of as many as thirty persons being rounded up in Hungarian provincial towns and shot without trial. Early in March Parliament House was suddenly surrounded by troops, while that body was in service, and its members were practically held *incommunicado* by the military for a period, without any definite explanation—unless it was intended to assert the supremacy of the army over the representatives of the people.

A bitter conflict recently arose between the Christian Nationalist Prime Minister of the inter-regnum cabinet, Stefan Friedrich, who is a pro-Hapsburg extreme conservative, and Admiral Von Horthy. Sensational charges were made against the former by a daughter of Count Tiza, who states that Friedrich was implicated in the conspiracy that resulted in the assassination of her father. These revelations

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are said to have resulted in the withdrawal of Archduke Joseph from the political stage. None the less, Admiral Von Horthy is charged by the Radical press with the design of restoring the House of Hapsburg, even in evasion of the wishes of the Supreme Council.

A RECENT incident at Brest illustrates the spirit that inspires the present political controversies in France. Although the Socialists lost heavily at the general elections, they have won several victories recently in French municipalities. Among the cities with a Socialist Mayor is Brest. Early in February a patriotic association headed by the naval commandant, the military commandant, and a member of Parliament, desired to decorate the graves of the soldiers killed at the front. The Mayor of the city forbade this, and when an attempt was made to conduct the ceremonies in defiance of his orders, he employed the police to prevent it.

According to the Socialist press the Mayor was moved to act as he did by the fact that Socialist meetings have been prohibited by the government, and that when the members of that party wished to decorate the graves of their own comrades with red flowers, their processions have been forbidden by the police. On the fourteenth of last July, that party proposed to decorate the tombs of its fallen members with red flags. The government prohibited this, and insisted that if such a ceremony was performed, only the national colors should be used. Subsequent to the incident mentioned, the Mayor of Brest was removed from office by the central authorities.

A STATEMENT probably inspired by the government is going the rounds of the German press to the effect that Germany has already turned over to the Allied Governments on the reparation account property to the value of nearly thirty-seven billions of marks in gold. The principal items are: German assets in foreign countries to the value of twelve billions of marks; the merchant marine, valued at over eight billions; national property in the ceded territories, which approaches seven billions; war materials and other supplies available for civilian uses, seven billions of marks; and the Saar coal mines, valued at one billion. Deliveries of property in kind amounting in the aggregate to over one billion marks, are itemized as railway material, coal, machinery, and cables.

GERMAN potash companies are deriving much satisfaction from American reports, to the effect that potash fertilizers, manufactured in the United States during the war from native deposits, contained so much boracic acid that they have injured our crops and soil. They point out that German potash firms very early in the war made analyses of the American product, and published articles cautioning against their use for this very reason. These articles, according to German reports, received no credit in the United States, because they were considered German trade propaganda.

IN a recent issue we referred to the friction likely to arise in Europe over the utilization of international water ways. The existing controversy over the canalization of the Rhine illustrates this point. The French want to build a lateral canal from Bâle to Strassburg to be used for navigation, but also to provide power for factories in Alsace. Switzerland protests, because such a canal would diminish existing river shipping facilities and subordinate them to power demands. It

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would also be under French control and the policy of that country would favor Strassburg as a Rhine port at the expense of Bâle. Belgium, England, and Holland are also interested, fearing that France intends to divert Rhine freights to her own Atlantic ports. Italy, even, is affected, as it imports many raw materials from the Rhenish industrial districts, using Rhine transportation part of the way. Final decision upon the French project rests with the Rhine Commission, in which France has only four of the fourteen members. Consequently, it is not likely that the ultimate settlement of the question will disregard the interest of other countries.

THE *Basler Nachrichten* quotes from the *Cracow Taches* a letter from a correspondent in Rostov-on-the-Don, describing economic and political conditions in Southern Russia. Most of the Black Sea trade at the time it was written passed through the port of Novorossisk, where there was a great congestion of tanks, guns, ammunition, and other war material. The Coöperative Societies were the chief purchasers of general merchandise. Nearly all the trade was then in American hands, though Germans had recently made their appearance. This correspondent says that very large quantities of wool, leather, oil, and grain were being exported, but that business was checked by the low rate of exchange and by lack of tonnage.

The extension of Bolshevist control over this region and the Caucasus may terminate a promising commercial and industrial revival. Some sixty per cent of the wares passing through Odessa before the Bolshevist occupation were handled by the Coöperatives. Since those societies were tolerated by the Bolsheviki, and their trading stocks were guaranteed against requisition, it is possible that part of the goods traded through Odessa ultimately reached Soviet territories.

Business conditions in the Caucasus are reported to be better than in Southern Russia. Three passenger trains a day — one of them an express — were running between Baku and Batoum, making about the same time as before the war. The rolling stock is said to have been in good repair. Even freight trains were running on schedule. The only shortage was of tank cars. England was maintaining something like normal steamer traffic on the Caspian, and the famous automobile routes from Tiflis were again in operation. The pipe line between Baku and Batoum continued in service.

According to a recent description of transportation conditions in Soviet Russia taken from Bolshevist sources, in August and September of last year, between 7000 and 7500 cars were loaded daily on the railways controlled by the Communists. Nearly half of these cars carried fire wood for the railways themselves. One quarter of them were transporting war supplies, ten per cent were used for urgent public and civilian needs in a territory then being evacuated by the Soviet troops, and about 1000 cars were transporting fuel for other than railway uses. Half of the locomotives were out of order. According to the People's Commissioner for Transportation, it will require five years to restore the rolling stock to normal conditions. Locomotive engineers are given bonuses for economizing fuel.

In 1913 the freight tonnage on the Volga amounted to nearly 14,000,000 tons. It has now fallen to eleven per cent of that amount.

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# AN ECONOMIC PROPHECY

BY LUJO BRENTANO

World history is world judgment. Never has a truth been confirmed more impressively than this truth has been by the World War. I do not mean that no sins that demand expiation were committed in the course of the war and on account of it, sins darker than those for which we must answer. But what we have experienced is a convincing demonstration that retribution for those sins also is inevitable. We thought that the injustice of the partition of Poland would never be righted. To-day, that land boldly faces the governments that fondly fancied they had divided even its very corpse among themselves. Other nationalities which had been subjugated by Russia and by the Central Powers are now freed from the oppression that kept them under, and are struggling toward liberty and self-government and union with their fellows of a kindred race. Social classes, which for centuries have been denied equal rights and opportunities, have become the masters of nations. In the course of these changes the innocent have suffered with the guilty — or rather, there were no innocent, for all alike were responsible for the incapacity, violence, lies, and deceptions of their rulers.

Still, we cannot content ourselves with these moral considerations alone. That is impossible, if for no other reason, because a new and greater injustice has been substituted for the old injustice. Long before the World War broke out, not only I, but likewise many others, wrote that when it occurred it would bring ruin to Europe; and because they foresaw this, all men who did not regard force and violence as God-willed institutions exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent a war. We now face the situation that we then predicted. Old Russia is a thing of the past. Welcome as is the overthrow of the arbitrary government of the Tsars, the collapse of that institution has scattered embers that threaten the civilization of all Europe. The Austro-Hungarian monarchy is a thing of the past; and Germany of the Hohenzollerns has succumbed in its titantic contest against nearly all the rest of the world. So the empires that resisted longest the claim of their people to self-government have vanished. But their destruction has not rejoiced our hearts with the same glow of hope and the same promise of an era of justice that inspired the French when they overthrew their ancient régime. Democracy so long oppressed has not stormed the battlements of its oppressors with flying colors. It owes its victory merely to the increasing debility and incapacity of the old system.

Consequently, there is no spontaneous joy in the welcome we accord the new social order — there is no such outburst of enthusiasm as inspired the masses during victorious revolutions in other countries, and enabled them not only to surmount all obstacles at home, but also to resist a host of foreign foes. Our enemies have forgotten in the intoxication of victory a truth which was taught as long ago as the eighteenth century by Josias Tucker



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and Tourgot, that the community of economic interest among nations has grown so close that the prosperity of one country contributes to the prosperity of every other country, and the destruction of one nation's wealth impoverishes all other nations. In their blindness, the present victors have imposed upon the conquered conditions that — assuming they are carried out — will not only prevent the vanquished from recovering, but will inevitably cause the economic ruin of all Europe.

Two new facts of first importance have been impressed upon the world by the overthrow of the last representatives of the old European system: the irresistible rise of the hitherto servile classes to the control of society, and the participation of the peoples of distant quarters of the world in the rivalries of European nations.

The first of these may prove an untold blessing, or it may become the last nail in the coffin of Europe. Two principles have ruled the history of civilization: the differentiation of society and the distribution of the fruits of civilization to an increasing proportion of its members. Upon differentiation depends all progress; for unless we have inequalities, we have no development. All evolution depends upon the existence of variations. Where there is absolute equality there is no change. History knows no other method of social progress than that which comes from unequal conditions of existence, where the luxuries of the few are constantly becoming the comforts of the many. And the very substance out of which this inequality is created — an inequality which distinguishes us from animals — is property and inheritance. The justification of the institution of private property is that it is the motor of social progress.

On the other hand, the masses will never profit from this progress without that constant struggle which we call the social movement. Without that struggle, the privileges and luxuries of the few will never become the possession of the many. It is a trait of human nature for a few to try to monopolize what they have attained, and only grudgingly and resistingly to concede similar things to the majority. However, necessity knows no law. Under its influence the privileged few yield to the multitude but what recently would have seemed incredible. In this respect we can honestly speak of blessings that have come from this frightful war. I will name only one. All the measures that have hitherto been so bitterly resisted to assure the working people by law a right to share in determining their conditions of employment, are now being put into effect; and this is a direct outcome of the war. The result is that the working people are now able to adjust their incomes to the increased cost of living, if not perfectly at least far better than men in occupations ordinarily esteemed of higher rank.

Retailers and independent artisans have recovered during the present breakdown of our transportation system something resembling the monopoly of the old guild days, and they are able to extort high prices. Similarly, the peasants have taken advantage of the rising cost of agricultural products to free themselves from debt. Even in England, heavy taxes and high prices due to the war have worked such a miracle that great landlords are selling their property to their tenants. What agrarian reformers have sought in vain for centuries is actually taking place, and England is restoring its old yeomanry and peasantry. So far as these new conditions elevate the material condition of the masses, they are a welcome outcome of the war.

The advance of civilization, there-

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fore, demands two things: differentiation within society itself and the distribution of the products of civilization to a constantly growing proportion of its members. Neither one of these two principles suffices alone, and where either one is sacrificed to the other, the advance of civilization is checked. If the principle of differentiation alone has free play, the contrasts between different social classes within a nation will become so great as to destroy the unity of the people. One class no longer understands the other. Mutual hatred is engendered between classes, and the conflict thus begotten imperils civilization itself. It is equally dangerous to enforce the principle of equality alone. That would stop the intensive progress of civilization. Every new attainment of mankind has been due to the initiative of the ablest members of the race, and not to the masses as a body. The greatest danger which the present welcome advance of the lower classes embodies is that the latter may not see what conditions further progress, and insist upon such absolute equality as to prevent that kind of leadership which is indispensable if civilization is to continue its forward course.

These facts which we have just reviewed increase the importance of the second great revolutionary outcome of the war, the participation of the people of distant quarters of the world in the controversies of Europe. Our enemies have recruited their forces from every race and color, from white men, yellow men, and brown men, down to the blackest natives of Africa; because they could not with their own resources subdue the Germans. Let us begin with the Russians. Our prison camps contained soldiers from the remotest regions of Siberia, men of the most astounding ignorance. In the prison camp of Puchheim, near Munich, there was a prisoner who was inconsolable because he could not hear from his family. When one of our men offered to write to them for him, he did not even know the name of his native village. People of this sort have hitherto cultivated the soil in the primitive fashion of their fathers. They were stupefied with wonder at the methods of intensive cultivation they saw in Germany. What a revolution in knowledge are these people going to take back with them when they go home! New ideas undreamed of before, new methods of working, of which they otherwise would never have had the slightest conception. Then there were people from India. What new thoughts will dawn upon their minds when they ponder that their masters could not have succeeded without them, and when they return to their fellows at home filled with new dreams of liberty? And what will be the effect upon the self-consciousness of the black men, who have been let loose as executioners of the white Germans? All these people have been disciplined by the war and trained to work in European fashion. They have been qualified to take the place of our white European workers whenever the capitalists of Europe conceive a fancy to increase their profits by transferring their business elsewhere. And these things are mere beginnings. The result will be for the colored races what it was for the Germans when the great migration of peoples started. Salvianus wrote that in his day there was no one in the Roman Empire who did not have a German slave. The water carriers, the brick makers, the masons were Goths. When the latter were enrolled in the army and became Roman Generals, they had taken the first step toward the position from which they gave the death blow to the ancient Empire, and usurped its honors and privileges.

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But it will take many years for a similar process to repeat itself. The immediate question is what are the victorious nations going to do with the rights and privileges and advantages of which they have despoiled Germany. Will the leadership go to France? Anyone who knows the business character of the French as revealed in their past and their present, will deny it. The French are a highly intellectual nation. They have served humanity with the greatest distinction in the field of science. There is no man of taste in all the world who does not rejoice in the achievements of their writers and artists. But they have never distinguished themselves in the field of modern industry. The very qualities that make them great have hampered them in this competition. Those qualities have caused them to concentrate attention upon the production of individual articles, to study the needs of people of wealth and high refinement. But the wealthy and refined are always a small minority. This handicap has made itself felt with increasing force since the second half of the eighteenth century, when new methods of manufacturing were discovered which made it possible to produce more cheaply and better than hitherto articles for the consumption of the masses. Manufacturing became service to the common people because things could be produced so cheaply they found wider and more regular markets, and consequently yielded larger profits.

In consequence of the protection which the art manufacturers of France have enjoyed since the days of Henry IV, and especially since Colbert, the talent and capital of France have been concentrated in this field. The disadvantages of that policy appeared as early as 1786, when England concluded a 'most favored nation' treaty with France, which ended the old tariff war between those countries. Among other things, the duties upon porcelain were abolished. Eden, the negotiator for England, said: 'The few dozen plates that we may send you will be sorry compensation for the magnificent porcelain services of Sèvres which you will sell us.' But Sèvres is so costly even without paying a duty that only a few people can purchase it. On the other hand, cheap English crockery entered France in great quantities, and England was enriched by the trade. French manufacturers have retained this character up to the present time. This is true, even in cases where modern machinery or processes have been introduced in that country earlier than elsewhere. That happened with industrial chemistry. Here Germany speedily took precedence.

No, the lion's share of what Germany has lost will, at least for the immediate future, go to the Anglo-Saxons; but it will not go to the mother country, England. England had good reasons for the fear it entertained, even before the war, of losing the industrial precedence it had enjoyed since the first half of the nineteenth century. The principal point made then was that the country had gone to sleep, that it was enjoying with slothful satisfaction its old conquests. As a result it was being speedily overtaken by Germany and America — countries that appropriate with restless energy every attainment of science that can be made to serve industry and that — with the vigor and push of young and striving nations — invade every market of the world. But there were also other conditions that threatened Britain's leadership, such as its declining output of ore. Its steel industry, formerly the largest in the world, had fallen to third rank; so that on the occasion of a protective tariff anti-dumping bill, presented to Parliament late last Novem-

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ber, the objection could be raised that English shipbuilding would have been ruined before the war if Germany had not dumped so much steel in the country.

On the other hand, certain climatic advantages promised to assure the leadership of the English cotton industry for an indefinite period. During recent years it added more to its spindles than all the rest of the world besides. Exorbitant prices are being paid for English cotton factories, not only because they are exceedingly profitable now, but because their profits are expected to increase. In other respects, however, England's future production promises to be limited in a growing degree to the manufacture of articles which its wealthier people cannot procure from abroad. Britain's leading position as the world's banker and the world's carrier is already threatened by the United States. The Americans are directing their efforts with system and determination to supplant Europe, which has now become dependent upon them in every part of the world and in every sphere of business. Their methods of production are diametrically opposite those of the French. The latter, as we have said, are devoted to the manufacture of fine individual articles, of things that the masses cannot hope to use. The Americans concentrate almost entirely on the production of goods for the common people. Their interest does not centre upon single articles of high artistic value, produced by the most skillful artisans, but upon erecting vast establishments of every kind to produce wares in great quantities. The finished product is analyzed into individual parts; a semi-automatic machine is devised to produce each one of these parts. Systems are worked out by which these parts are made immediately interchangeable and adjustable to each other. A single uniform product satisfies the needs of all purchasers. If that is not satisfactory, a system is devised for producing a number of models on a uniform basis. If this proves practicable, then the types are multiplied. This method of production has been encouraged by two conditions — uniformity of taste among the people, and a vast market area within which complete free trade prevails. This market area is greater than that enjoyed by any other country in the world; for the United States, although it maintains a tariff wall against foreign countries, constitutes within itself the greatest free trade region that exists. These two conditions — similarity of demand and free trade over a wide area — have created a market unequaled elsewhere. In addition, the variety of training and aptitudes and social standards brought into the United States by an army of emigrants, has made it possible to devise a system of labor administration peculiarly adapted to the employment of semi-automatic machines and the production of uniform parts, as well as to the concentration of industries in great establishments.

But hand in hand with this development there has occurred a change in the position of the United States with respect to the rest of the world. Washington advised his fellow countrymen not to interfere in European affairs. Monroe went further and would exclude the European nations from interference in American affairs. But as early as thirty years ago, the great increase of wealth in America began to stimulate imperialist ambitions. Admiral Mahan, the author of *The Influence of Sea Power in History*, had as little use for pacifism, international arbitration, and a League of Nations, as any Pan-German. Even the gigantic territories of the United States began to

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afford too small a market area for its great industries. When the idea of a Middle Europe was heralded abroad, President Wilson, a man of free-trade sympathies, characterized the policy it represented as an intolerable restriction upon the natural rights of every American to trade wherever he saw fit. Fresh from his triumph over the trusts, he declared in one of his speeches during his second presidential campaign, that wherever restrictions upon the trusts were likely to interfere with their foreign trade, those restrictions would be removed; and he made the idea of Middle Europe an actual asset in his agitation to induce the Americans to enter the war.

Indeed, what tremendous progress the United States had made during this war toward the economic mastery of the world! That country which only a few years ago was crying for the capital of every well-to-do country of Europe, in order to develop its incomparable natural resources, has now become the banker of Europe, without whose assistance the Entente countries could not have won the war, and without whom neither victors nor vanquished can recover from the consequences of the war. Even during that conflict, America's capitalist penetration of European countries began. It started with Russia, then it extended to Italy. It has made great headway in France; and even wealthy England, proud of its financial supremacy, begins to feel its pressure. Hand in hand with this, the greatest art works and treasures of European civilization are going by shiploads to America. A corporation with a capital of twenty million dollars has been founded to purchase antiques and artistic articles of gold and silver, pictures, bronzes, and similar objects in Russia. A systematic purchase of the art treasures of Italy has begun. Some of the most valuable paintings in France and England have migrated already to America. Impoverished Germany and Austria will be quite unable to resist the efforts of the United States to deprive them of the things of beauty they have accumulated through centuries; for with our depreciated exchange, the Americans can bid any price for what they want.

But economic history shows that no nation is permitted to dominate the world permanently. In the second half of the Middle Ages Italy occupied that position. Soon after the Renaissance precedence passed to Spain, then, in turn, to the Dutch; and after these the French were the great leaders of industry and commerce. Finally, Great Britain took that position. In the United States a great intermingling of peoples, of emigrants from Holland, Great Britain, Ireland, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, and the Slavic countries has occurred. They now march in the front rank. But the very conditions that have brought about America's supremacy exist likewise in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. In some respects these countries are already superior to Europe. It is not impossible that with the growth of population in the United States, conditions of production will become more difficult and these other countries will come to the front. Furthermore, there could be no greater folly than to assume that the economic leadership of the world will always belong to the same race. Even within the past few years, the Japanese have become serious competitors of the whites in every field. Their position in the East resembles in some respects the happy position of England in the West. Their remarkable talent for assimilating foreign methods, their skillful and energetic accommodation of those methods to their own ends, seem to promise them still greater victories.

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Last of all, no one can foresee what great changes of a more general character may possibly occur in world economics. Such changes have occurred in the last two centuries. The relations of the temperate zone and the tropics may be reversed, and the inhabitants of the latter regions may in time become the great industrial producers.

Now what position will Germany hold in this future? I am not speaking of the Germans of the republic alone, but of every German wherever the language is spoken — the Germans in Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, the Baltic Provinces, and abroad. The hatred which now follows them will turn them back to the original sources of their strength. What made Germany great was not militarism. The Germans were a great nation long before Frederick the Great, Wilhelm of Prussia, and his successors taught them military discipline, and before incomparable leaders, like Bismarck and Moltke, with the help of these disciplined masses, placed their country at the political head of Europe. These men merely utilized the qualities that made the German nation great, and directed them to political ends. Long before that, the Germans had placed the intellectual life of the world on a new basis at the time of the Reformation. Then they produced Leibniz, whose universal spirit left no field of science untouched. After him followed a succession of musical geniuses, such as the world had never known, Bach, Handel, Hayden, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, Schubert, Brahms. Then those princes of poetry, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller; and in turn all those who have been the schoolmasters of the world in every sphere of science during the nineteenth century. The strength of the German people is in their intellect and in their systematic application of the products of their intellect to their daily tasks. During the last forty years, this intellect addressed itself to practical affairs, to technical progress, and economic development, and with the help of its disciplined and skilled labor, it accomplished things that made our country the envy of the world. These fundamental qualities will remain the possession of the German nation, even though its military power has disappeared. If the French were not so blind, they would see that this is the real danger we present. They have nothing to fear from a warlike revolt of the disarmed Germans, nor from a union of the Germans of the annihilated Austro-Hungarian monarchy with the Germans of the republic. Nor will they attain their object by force, as Marshal Foch recommends, or by a caricature of a League of Nations intended to prevent Germany's recovery, or by an Anglo-Latin Alliance against us if the League fails. So long as the Germans remain loyal to that which made them great in the past, they will be a powerful influence in the world even though they are politically helpless. The strength of the German people lies in their intellectual gifts and in employing them in the service of mankind. This is the true principle of unity that joins the North with the South and the East with the West and no effort to partition the country will ever destroy that unity. Germans inevitably will be leaders both in the progress of science and in disseminating the results of that progress. We have shown ourselves indispensable in the first field. Our success in the second has been recognized by our most implacable opponents for years. At the Brussels meeting, where the International Congress for the Legal Protection of Labor was founded, Emil Vandervelde, who as a Social Demo-

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crat refused to participate in the proceedings of a convention summoned by bourgeois organizers, acted as a reporter in order to attend the meetings. I had a furious debate with Yves Guyot at the convention, in which that gentleman, with his reactionary views, came off rather poorly. After the session was over, Vandervelde came up to me and said: 'Hitherto we considered France the leader of progress; this leadership in social legislation has now passed to Germany.' Even after our military defeat we shall retain that leadership.

It is now a century since the Holy Alliance was formed by the Eastern Powers, to repress political freedom and to prevent the unity of peoples. But the liberal ideas of France, then cast down in the humiliation of defeat, and the striving toward national unity of nations divided under different rulers, have overcome every obstacle of reactionary power. In a similar way, the social ideals of Germany will win a victory, in spite of every hindrance which France may now place in our way.

Ancient Greece lost its political importance after the Peloponnesian war; but Grecian civilization did not disappear. It was then at the point of becoming the ruler of the world. Oftentimes has the European war against the Germans been compared with the Peloponnesian war. But European civilization would not disappear, were Europe itself to be destroyed. Its conquest of the world, already well under way, will continue at an even more rapid rate, and the leaders of this conquest will be the Germans. They will be leaders, because it has been made so difficult for them to live in Germany. Millions of our fellow countrymen will leave their homes. That is a painful thing for those that migrate and those that stay behind. But the Fatherland is not a mere locality, although certain localities may be dear to the heart and memory. The Fatherland is an intellectual and moral community of people seeking the same ends. It is not our duty, therefore, to retain these would-be emigrants. The very hatred of our enemies will force them to hold together, and to keep up their association with those whom they have left behind. And so, if fear and envy and hatred and revenge are making their native land too narrow for the Germans, these sentiments are at the same time making the whole earth the home of the Germans. Their science and talent for organizing will attract to their hands, capital and labor, and will make them leaders in subjugating the world's natural resources. Meantime, their ideals will conquer the thoughts of mankind. The German spirit will be the ultimate victor, as the Greek spirit was in its day victorious, even after Greece became politically powerless. And in the same way that Greece had its day of political revival after the might of its conquerors had long since vanished, and the Greek Empire remained for a thousand years the sanctuary of civilization after its conquerors had disappeared from the stage of history, so Germany will have its day of political resurrection. For world history is world judgment, and injustice cannot endure permanently. That is our inspiration, our hope, and our consolation.

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[*The National Review* (Conservative Monthly), *February*]

# AMERICANS MIRRORED IN AN ENGLISH MIND

BY OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER

THERE are few subjects upon which more misapprehension exists among us than that of American feeling toward Ireland and the problem of Irish government. If you believed the writings of well-meaning English journalists, who have either paid New York a flying visit or intend to do so in the future, you might imagine that America was seething with anti-English feeling and perfectly ready to start on a crusade to place Señor de Valera upon the presidential chair of the Irish Republic. You might even think so if you read specially selected extracts from certain American newspapers. But if you live in America and remember certain facts about the American people which people in England are too polite to realize, you know that America as an entity — if it be possible so to speak of America — is profoundly bored about the whole thing, and would remain profoundly unmoved if England after massacring the Irish people, were to sink the comic opera island thirty feet below the level of the sea.

It is true that there are millions of perfectly good Americans who do not know this and would deny it vehemently, calling upon the names of Humanity, Christianity, Idealism, and what not; just as there are millions of perfectly good Englishmen who allow themselves to be profoundly annoyed at what they consider impertinent American criticism. That is, of course, because they know nothing whatever about the great American people. And, unfortunately, before you can understand anything of what is called public opinion in America, you must know something of that American people upon which it is fathered.

To begin with, you must dispossess your mind of the idea that there is an American people at all, as we understand a people in Europe. To be a 'people' is the dominant ideal of the Americans, an ideal which they claim with all appropriate fierceness to have realized, knowing all the while that they have done nothing of the sort, and that their only hope of realizing anything of the kind is to stop immigration, do away with their present social system, and then wait five centuries for events to develop. If you took the whole population of Europe, mixed it roughly in a mortar, added a certain flavoring of Africans, Asiatics, and the like, crushed it with your pestle and scattered the result thinly over the Continent, you would have something approximating to America. It would, however, more closely approximate to a 'people' than do the Americans at present, for instead of being properly mixed, they are divided into ethnographic strata, which only touch at the edges. America tries to forget this, and succeeds by vigorous newspaper propaganda in making Europe forget it, because in these stirring times it is well to belong to a 'united people.' Also she is not at all proud of certain kinds of 'Americans,' and does her best to forget them. In just the same way, she proclaims valiantly that the class system is unknown within her marches,



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being all the time painfully aware that in no other country in the world are class distinctions more inevitable or more obvious or more rigidly drawn. Only, they are not quite the same class distinctions that we have in England.

The most obvious, and that which is most vehemently denied, is drawn between the 'white' American and the 'foreign.' Sentimental dramatists have assured us that America, and more particularly New York, is a melting pot through which the dregs of the world being passed, emerge as the purest American metal. Unfortunately, the hottest flames of patriotism cannot bring this about. The only result of the melting process is that the immigrant ceases to be recognizable; he does not become any the more American. The 'white' American may be roughly defined as anyone of British, French, German, or Dutch extraction, who has been settled in the country for more than two generations. They have a supreme contempt, very far transcending that proper to dukes, for anyone outside the charmed circle.

There are, of course, classes within this class. The same prejudice against retail traders, for instance, that you find in England, flourishes in America. But broadly speaking, these are the only real Americans, in their own eyes at least, and, as such, form the aristocracy of the country. They regard with a bored benevolence attempts at 'Americanizing' their inferiors; they even profess for out-world consumption that this Americanizing is a success, and that every inhabitant of the United States is one of a united band of brothers. But if you ask them to dinner, to meet, say, a Jewish Delicatessen storekeeper you will learn quite a lot of things. The lower limits of the aristocracy are not very clearly defined. Thus, a man of immediate Dutch descent is not an aristocrat, though if his family have lived in Manhattan for, say, six generations he is of the purest ray serene.

The Scandinavian for some reason, though admittedly 'white,' ranks socially a shade below the rest. The definite social line begins to be drawn at the 'Dago,' and below him come various shades, each carefully defined, leading to the lowest depths of all, the foreign Jew. It is customary in England to believe that the only aristocracy in America is that of dollars. This may have been so thirty years ago, but recent events have made dollars so common that they cease to have any real value as a class guide. There are several billionaires who are not received socially. There are very many millionaires who are not received at all. A large proportion of these, of course, are Jews.

Perhaps the most striking portent of recent American life has been the growth of anti-Semitism. This is largely due to the financial successes of the war-time Jew. If he were not very prominent in the fighting line, he was not the least active of American war workers, so that of twenty-four thousand new millionaires who owe their fortunes to the recent cataclysm, nineteen thousand are Jews, many of them of German descent. It has come to be realized again, from a very actual object lesson, that a preponderance of Jewish ideals does not make for the morale of a city. New York is, of course, the object lesson. New York is in no sense an American city; it is financially in the hands of the Ghetto. Retail commerce, the stage, the press, 'Little Business' as apart from 'Big Business,' all are under Jewish control; so is 'real estate.' The houses and flats in which New York exists uncomfortably are owned by Jews; the estate agents are Jews; from his getting up in the morning until he goes to bed at



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night the New Yorker is continually confronted by the Jewish problem — and he does not like it at all. Incidentally he believes, quite unfairly, that Bolshevism, which is regarded very much more seriously in America than in England, is a Jewish Trust, invented, engineered, financed, and manned by Jews as a weapon against the hated Gentile. It is unfortunate for the 'white' Jew, of whom there are, of course, as many in America as elsewhere, that the manners and customs of the Russian, Polish, and other East European Jews who have selected New York as their earthly paradise are not inspiring.

Having again emphasized that every one of the statements above would be denied by millions of good Americans, let us see how they bear upon the Sinn Feiner and his sympathizers. He belongs, of course, to the lowest class, socially. Irish history in America has been the history of the saloon keeper, the politician, the janitor, and similar useful but obscure functionaries. In the days before Prohibition, his influence as saloon keeper, barman, chucker-out, and ward politician was very considerable. As it was to the interests of many 'white' Americans — topers, politicians, and the like — to seek his suffrage, he was able to consider himself a very important branch of the American people. Now that the liquor trade is in the mud, and likely to stop there, he finds a very different state of affairs — and he does not like it. It is true that he can still find sympathizers, even those of 'white' blood.

In America, as elsewhere, many people find it to their interest to range themselves beneath the banners of the 'oppressed.' They include such men as Mr. Hearst, whose immense revenues are largely built up on the greasy coppers of the East Side. Let me interpolate that Mr. Hearst is not really as anti-English as he is supposed to be. He would be as pro-British as you like, if only he could make money out of it, but as it is only among the lower classes that he has a following, he finds his present pose more profitable. There are, again, the smaller politicians, who find that the more ignorant a class so much the more easily can its vote be manipulated. There are, lastly, the perfectly sincere middle-class 'reformers' of the type familiarized to us by the once prominent Fabian Society, here known as 'parlor-Bolsheviki,' who out of their real indignation at capitalistic exploitation of the foreign-born illiterates are led to support 'progress' in many ways quite foreign to them.

The Sinn Feiner then, having lost the support of strong drink, has been driven to seek new strength elsewhere. In so doing he has been led into a strategic error which must mean his ultimate ruin. He has allied himself with the 'Reds.' So far as respectable America is concerned, he has thus declared himself an outcast and an Ishmaelite. For a 'Red' here has a reputation only equaled by that of an 'atheist' in mid-Victorian England. He is the bogy-man of modern America, and to confess to the slightest sympathy with him means not only social ostracism but probable trouble with the police. America has, indeed, got 'Bolshevist' on the brain almost as badly as had England 'German spy' during the early days of the war.

On the evening of the attempted assassination of Lord French, Mr. de Valera addressed a meeting of sympathizers at the Lexington Theatre in New York. Mr. de Valera had just returned from a money-raising tour in the West. He had returned full of gratifying promises, if without much actual cash, and one might have ex-

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pected a certain enthusiasm on the part of the Dublin assassin's brothers in blood. The one thing noticeable about the meeting was the preponderance of Jewish faces among the audience and the orderliness, amounting almost to depression, of the proceedings — partly, I honestly believe, because there were no Yiddish or Russian interpreters present. 'White' America was conspicuous by its absence, and even the Irish policemen in charge displayed a total lack of sympathy.

If now you are told by some English journalist mildly indignant thereat, that American feeling is becoming strongly anti-British and that the Sinn Feiners are the heroes of the hour, there are several questions you should ask him. First, what does he mean by 'American feeling'? If he replies the Bolshevist, the Jew, and the foreign born, you may let his statement pass. Ask him next, whence he derives his information? If he replies from an item in the Hearst Press, detailing how at a meeting in Tombstone, Arizona, 16,000,000 Americans passed a unanimous vote in favor of the immediate dispatch of an A.E.F. to Dublin, you may let his statement pass. Ask next, how long he has been in America? — at which point the discussion will end.

It is a curious fact that not only the German but also the Russian Jew is strongly Anglophobe. This is partly, of course, because, on his arrival in America, he moves among the lowest class, and gains his opinions from them, but also, I think, because he believes that English operations against Bolshevist Russia have for their aim the eventual kidnapping of Muscovy into the British Empire. He thus forms an ideal comrade for the Sinn Feiner, and it is not his fault if their union sounds the death knell of Irish Republican hopes.

A number of irresponsible politicians have recently been wasting the time of the United States Senate by bringing forward proposals that an ambassador be accredited to the 'Irish Republic.' I can well understand that an Englishman who does not happen to possess a sense of humor might be seriously annoyed at this, just as I recently met an American friend, similarly unendowed, who was very angry indeed because someone had told him that a League of Friends of American Freedom was being founded in England to help unhappy Americans to repel attacks on their personal freedom under the name of Prohibition. Nobody in America would think of paying the slightest attention to such a political ebullition. Everybody knows that the politicians in question are thinking simply of the Irish vote at the coming Presidential elections.

It must be remembered that 'white' America is also governing, thinking, organizing, and acting America. American policy, internal and foreign, is controlled by 'Big Business,' and 'Big Business' is not controlled by the Jew. 'Big Business' is on the whole favorable to the British Empire, because the British Empire makes for the peace of the world. So, for that matter, is the Jewish-controlled 'Little Business,' so far as it takes any interest in the matter at all. Fundamentally though, it is too deeply engaged in money making to care anything whatever about America, England, or all the other nations of the world put together. If 'Little Business' heard that America had decided to become a British colony again to-morrow, the news would affect him only so far as it would affect the money market.

The American Jew is not really in sympathy with the Bolsheviki — except as were his compatriots who engineered the Bolshevist régime in Hungary on a money-making basis,

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and cleared a satisfactory return before they went out of business. At present he scents money in supporting the Irishry, but as soon as he finds that Irish Republican loans are good romance but bad business, he will drop out; Mr. Hearst, who lives only to register his opinions, will follow his example, and America will forget that such a country as Ireland exists.

Apart from finance, 'white' America has forgotten it already except as a vague annoyance. 'White' America is horribly sensitive about its appearance in the eyes of the older nations, horribly sensitive that the antics of the lower classes have brought America to be regarded rather in the light of the Fat Boy of Peckham than as that youthful Jove-cum-Apollo which is his ideal. He has, if anything, a lively sympathy with England in her dealings with Ireland, because he knows by bitter experience what it means to govern alien people of a lesser breed, while at the same time protesting that they are his brothers. It means that he must submit to absurd grandmotherly laws, perfectly unnecessary for him, but inevitable for the proper policing of his brother 'Americans.'

He must earn a reputation for brutality which is not rightly his, that he may keep in order the weird throw-outs which the wise old nations have foisted upon him as the raw material for an American people. He is at heart envious of those English qualities in which he knows himself lacking. He hates to think that British conceit is based upon historic fact, while his own is only assumed to hide deficiencies in his armor. But if he does not like the English he admires their personal freedom, their equality before the law, the smooth running of the great machine which is called the Empire, the fact that an Englishman is an Englishman *tout court*, without the need of either adjective or hyphen to qualify him. The great need for America is to be let alone. That is why she is not interested in the League of Nations. That is why she is not interested in Ireland. If only England would realize this, what a lot of acid ink might be saved.

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## COUNT ARCO BEFORE HIS JUDGES

BY ISOLDE KURZ

Four brief sessions concluded the trial of Count Arco — a trial without episodes or surprises but with a deep appeal to the emotions — simple, transparent, human, and grand, like a Greek tragedy. Count Arco made it easy for his judges to find him guilty, though perhaps he made it harder for their hearts to pass judgment, by refusing at the outset to ask for mercy and by assuming full responsibility for his act.

Never was an accused man surrounded by a more sympathetic atmosphere. We may judge his deed as we will, but only a man dwarfed bn partisanship could refuse his sympathy to the accused himself. Commoy

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rumor pictured the assassin of Eisner as a degenerate, a mentally depraved and perverted aristocrat, the worthless tool of a Royalist conspiracy, quite possibly selected by lot. But the man who appeared before his judges on January 15, though he was indeed very youthful, was a self-reliant and mature person who had obviously sacrificed himself with absolute sincerity to a sense of duty. As his attorney properly remarked, he betrayed no tokens of nobility, except nobility of sentiment. His was one of those direct and simple natures which obeys unquestioningly the dictates of its own heart. The youthfulness of his features but reflected the youthfulness of his mind. Count Arco is a strikingly small, almost boyish man, blond, with kindly, frank, spiritual, and unusually attractive features. His eyes, which had been weakened by bullet wounds in his head, were protected by huge spectacles. He was guilty of no posing, no oratorical flights, but also of no weakness. Every word was distinct and to the point. You could recognize that his youthfulness concealed a mature and stable character. His deed was premeditated and he was ready to accept the extreme consequences without evasion.

The examination disclosed in quick succession the principal episodes in the life of the accused and the motives that inspired his act. The son of a Bavarian officer, and burning with ardent patriotism, he endeavored to get into active military service at the front when only seventeen years old. But his mother and his guardian kept him in a gymnasium for a year. Immediately after passing his examination he joined the forces, and in the spring of 1917 was sent to the eastern front with the heavy cavalry. He served in the invasion of Bukowina, where he was promoted to a lieutenancy and decorated for distinguished service. When his regiment was placed in reserve he could not tolerate this comparative idleness, and reported for service with an infantry guard regiment at the front. In April, 1918, he was seriously wounded at Mt. Kemmel and sent home against his will. But he was very discontented, and the moment he recovered hastened to the front, though this was a time when, as he was informed by the surgeons treating him, most people manifested little desire for that experience.

During the interval the retreat had started in the West, the English had penetrated two German positions, and the famous guard regiment, which was always being called upon to make good where others failed, was brought back to the advanced lines, only to be received by our own troops with shouts of 'strike breakers.' Arco then recognized with horror the new spirit that had seized upon and demoralized the German army.

He went through the Munich revolution of April 7 in that city. It made a fearful impression upon him to see so many people pursuing the king, to have him relieve them from their oath of allegiance, but since the thing was done he had no recourse but to serve his country under the new government. For the moment he had faith, as had most of the others, in Eisner. He thought him honest and that his great influence over the masses, at least of the peasantry, would enable him to restore order. So he and his comrades in the guard regiment placed themselves honestly and sincerely at the disposal of the new government. But now disaster followed disaster. Officers were persecuted and arrested; the royal colors were torn from them; the guard regiment arrived at the Munich railway station only to be received by the local soldiers' council

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with machine guns and to be incited against the officers who had shared the perils and the privations of the front with their men. Then came the formal welcome home at the Court Theatre, and its interruption by Landauer, who greeted the regiment in Eisner's name, appealed to it to continue the revolution, and declared that a National Assembly was superfluous. After this came the vain attempts of the soldiers back from the front — who were a great majority — to form their own soldiers' council and to obtain representation in the provincial soldiers' council. These attempts ended with their being threatened with arrest and driven from Munich. So the accused became more and more convinced that Eisner was responsible for the continued agitation among the people. He tried to point out this fact in a poster, but he was not permitted by the police to have it distributed. The death of the Queen, which he attributed to the revolution, also shocked him. Then came the controversies between Auer and Eisner over summoning Parliament; and last of all, the conspiracy against Auer, who was forced to fly, on Christmas Eve, with his whole family to the Turks Barracks. Since the soldiers were demoralized and could not be depended upon longer, Auer formed a National Guard to protect Parliament, and Arco joined this. But Eisner, who had agreed to its formation in a cabinet meeting, persuaded the Executive Committee, whose chairman he was, to start a demonstration against the National Guard and Parliament. He summoned the people to the streets, and placed himself at the head of the procession. This led to disorderly attacks upon anyone who wore a uniform. Arco called it 'The Prelude to the Red Terror.' Although he was in civilian clothing he was recognized and actually assaulted. At that time he had an impulse to shoot the leader of the procession, but calmer thoughts prevailed. The failure of the sailors' revolt and the dissolution of the National Guard crushed his last hopes. One must try to realize the feeling of the officers who came back from the front, after they had loyally fought and suffered for years with their troops, to receive only insults and attacks from the people at home instead of gratitude, in order to understand Count Arco's deed.

About that time, according to one of the witnesses, a Communist presented himself at the Turks Barracks in behalf of Levien, one of the leaders of his party, and endeavored to buy the services of his company for twenty thousand marks for the purpose of breaking up Parliament. When this officer, who was one of Arco's friends, replied in indignation that Eisner could not possibly have knowledge of such a proposal, he got the answer: 'Oh, of course, he has to keep in the background; but when we proclaim the Soviet Republic, he will be President.'

On the day after this great demonstration, Arco resolved that Eisner must die. He asserts that he came to this conclusion not because Eisner was responsible for the first revolution and the overthrow of the kingdom, but because he had betrayed the very government which had been erected in its place. Someone must sacrifice himself and Arco thought that he was the one called to do this. He regretted that he had to strike from behind, but he believed that he atoned for this by giving his own life. He testified: 'I killed him intentionally. I am technically guilty of murder, but I am justified before my own conscience. I have performed my duty to my Fatherland.'

He planned to meet Eisner on his way to open Parliament. He did not

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know that Eisner had resigned from the Ministry the night before; but knowledge of this would not have changed his plans, for he would have distrusted Eisner's sincerity. He laid his plans without consulting anyone and with no hope of escape. A remarkable circumstance shows how little calculated he was for the trade of assassin. On the evening before he committed this act, he described his plan to one of the maidservants at the boarding house where he was stopping. This woman thought he was joking. On February 21 he had himself awakened early, bathed and put on his warmest clothing, telling a servant that it might be cold in prison. He then made a few brief memoranda, which were found soon afterwards, indicating his plans and wishes, and telephoned to learn when Eisner was expected to arrive in Parliament. He watched at the nearest street corner for Eisner to leave the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Noticing that the street was crowded with Communists he said to himself: 'It is all over with me, but my own safety no longer matters.' About half past nine Eisner left the Foreign Office accompanied by two gentlemen. Cocking his revolver in his pocket, Arco followed him obliquely across the street. An inner voice said: 'This is murder,' but he stifled the thought by calling himself a coward. Then he fired the two fatal shots, and the next moment was himself lying prostrate on the pavement with a man standing over him who had shot at him four times in quick succession. He said that as he was lying there being beaten and kicked, he wondered how many cartridges the man had in his revolver. Then he pretended to be dead and was carried away. When he arrived at the hospital he asked for a priest and a narcotic, and then lost consciousness.

Arco said nothing of the torture to which he was subjected in the hospital. However, the director of the hospital, Dr. Sauerbruch, recounted what happened. He told how, especially when the Communists were in power, the mob would force itself to the bedside of the seriously wounded patient to curse him and threaten him with instant death. Arco refused special measures of protection, considering that he ought to answer alone for his act. He constantly appealed to his physician to have proceedings against him expedited and ended. In this respect there is a striking contrast between Arco's attitude and that of the Communist leaders, who in their turn were brought to trial for their lives, and whose only concern was to save their skins.

Among the touching incidents mentioned during the trial was of a Red Guard soldier, who came one day demanding urgently that he be allowed to see the invalid, stating that the Count had risked his life for him. This soldier had been ordered to lead a patrol on a very dangerous mission against the enemy, when Lieutenant Arco volunteered in his place. When this man was taken to the hospital ward, he tore the red arm band from his uniform and approached the bed of the wounded officer with profound emotion, assuring him that he would have nothing more to do with the Communist movement.

On April 30 a mob broke into the hospital by force and carried off the wounded man in his night clothing to a distant school building, where he was insulted and spat upon by a mob of women. However, two of the Red Guards, impressed by his dignified demeanor, protected him and considered whether they could not rescue him by escaping over the roofs. Unable to do this, they came the follow-

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ing day and pretending that they were to conduct him to the Chamber of Horrors in the Luitpold Gymnasium (where hostages were massacred) got him away from the mob, and brought him back to the hospital. It chanced that later when the government troops returned, Graf Arco was able to repay the favor by saving these men in turn. This witness closed his testimony with the statement that hundreds of patients had passed under his hands during the revolution, but among them only two who were real men — Arco and Auer.

Not a single witness had anything unfavorable to say of the accused. His superior officers and comrades characterized him as one of the bravest, most loyal, willing, and cheerful of their comrades. He had saved a whole company from being surrounded, and the men under his command, prejudiced though soldiers usually are against young officers, were devoted to him. One soldier said: 'He was the finest of officers, who did everything for his men.' One of the non-commissioned officers said that he was as dear to him as his own son. The physicians and teachers were equally unanimous in their praise. His psychological examination was equally creditable, a fact that was to his disadvantage, since it excluded a defense based upon mental irresponsibility. The prosecuting attorney himself, forced by his official position to ask the court for a sentence of death, closed his remarks with these words: 'If we had many young men of such unsullied and ardent patriotism and devotion, then we would have no reason to fear for Germany's future.'

The attorney for the defense could only point out that to execute Arco would deprive Germany of a man of the highest nobility of purpose and sense of duty; and that Eisner — though he may have believed that he was a friend of the people — seemed to Arco a standing peril to the state. The day would come when the people of Bavaria would erect a monument to the accused — at least in their own hearts.

On the afternoon of January 16, the curtain rose for a last time upon this drama. We visitors, including the ladies, were searched even more carefully than hitherto for weapons, before being admitted to the hall. The gloom of death hung over those present. Composed, as was his custom, scarcely betraying the slightest shadow of melancholy, the accused sat between the two officers of the law who accompanied him. The same youthful smile played over his countenance, when the attorney for the defense turned to him to shorten the long, painful moments of waiting. The prosecuting attorney saluted Count Arco as he entered, and the latter rose and bowed in return. Then the President of the Court read in a low voice — so low as to be hardly audible — the death sentence.

It is a moment when every heart is about to burst. The prisoner begs the privilege of saying just a word, and states in a clear, steady voice that he is fully prepared to accept the inevitable consequences of his act. He has heard, however, that some of his faithful comrades (and here his voice quavered a little), were deluding themselves with the hope of freeing him. He must point out that such an attempt would be folly, and ask them in the interest of their country not to consider it. Raising his voice a little he closes, saying, 'Let everyone help to restore the prosperity and national pride of our country. In that way you will help me best.'

There was tumultuous applause and clapping of hands, mingled with sobs

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and tears from the auditors. The latter lost control of themselves and paid no heed to the orders for silence. Finally, we were gently, but firmly, herded toward the entrance. A constantly growing throng crowded about the windows of the law courts to see the condemned man depart and to give him their final greeting. Outside the building, spectators crowded Elisa Street for the same purpose. There were many weeping women in the multitude.

As I turned homeward, I said to myself: 'If they inflict the death penalty upon this knightly boy I shall not weep for him, for I shall know that his *Dæmon*, or shall I say his higher self, is happy.'

But it did not come to that. All the evening throngs of people, mostly students, circulated through the streets crying for Arco's pardon. Professors delivered speeches in front of the public buildings urging the young men to prudence, lest they injure the cause of the condemned man. All the newspapers, except those of the Independents, opposed carrying out the sentence. Thousands of pictures of Arco were sold on the streets. The next morning a deputation of students appeared at the Ministry and early in the afternoon posters announced that Count Arco's sentence had been commuted to life imprisonment, 'because his act was not inspired by base motives, but by ardent devotion to his people and to his Fatherland, by his own impulsive nature, and by the widespread indignation among the people against Eisner; and furthermore, because the accused has revealed himself throughout the trial, a frank, courageous, upright man and has not attempted to extenuate his act.'

An inexpressible feeling of relief took possession of the community. Men felt as if the qualities which we used to attribute to Germans, but the existence of which we have recently come to doubt and to deny, had survived in this conspicuous example. I heard a common soldier say: 'They would have had to employ criminals to shoot him; for there is not a soldier in Bavaria who would have fired at Arco.'

[*L'Humanité* (Official Socialist Daily), *February 11*]

## FRENCH SOCIALISM GROWING RADICAL

BY JEAN LONGUET

THE coming Socialist Congress at Strassburg opens for our party the whole question of international tactics.

In settling this problem, we shall have to appeal to the doctrines we have consistently espoused throughout our existence as a party, to the experience of the long years of struggle through which the proletariat of every land has passed, and at the same time, we must study closely and intelligently the features that characterize and the forces that determine the Socialist movement throughout the world today. Unhappily, many of our comrades have hardly a general impression of what this signifies.

During the past year we have con-

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ducted a vigorous agitation among the working people, and have enrolled an unparalleled number of new members. We have profited by the feeling of revolt and disgust with which thousands regard our existing social institutions. Our enrolled membership, which was 34,000 in October, 1918, now exceeds 150,000. Naturally, in this flood of new recruits there are comparatively few who are familiar with the past history of the party, and who have been trained and disciplined like our few veterans in the rude school of experience.

Last Sunday, at the Convention of the Socialist Confederation of the Seine, I looked around upon my young comrades of the extreme left. The delegates, sent for the most part by our recent members, were youths with little experience in the difficult problems of method and tactics, which we Socialists now face. Let me add, that most of the veteran members present, indeed practically all of them, wore either the war cross or wound stripes. They were men who had come back from the great butchery filled with unbounded bitterness and sombre rage, a state of mind ill calculated to promote a calm and cool examination of facts.

Do not misunderstand me. I look forward to the future with confidence. The devotion and sincerity of the vast majority of these young militants are beyond question. Like the rest of us, when they have passed under a hard wheel of experience they will see things somewhat differently. I have but a single fear. It is that, as often happened in the past, they may change too suddenly from one extreme to the other.

How often we have seen what Paul Faure so admirably designates as 'convulsionaries,' become the most distressing opportunists, and eventually real conservatives. I recall how many of our party on the eve of the war reproached us bitterly with being only 'lukewarm Internationalists' when they were 'flaming anti-patriots.' Then came the war itself. How many of these 'anti-patriots' were suddenly converted into bitter pro-war, 'never-enders,' leaving but a handful of the old guard to hold aloft the standard of Internationalism.

So the big problem before our party is to assimilate this mass of new material.

As matters stand, the extremest resolutions are endorsed by our new militants with the greatest ardor. Their souls are filled with an unbounded and legitimate hatred of capitalism and of the bourgeois leaders responsible for the world catastrophe. Such sentiments, indeed, are fully justified. In an abstract resolution proclaiming their adherence to the Third International, they naturally voiced their hatred of war and their admiration for the prodigious social achievement represented by the Russian revolution.

Now, as a matter of fact, the Third International (or to speak more precisely, the International of the Third Epoch, which begins after the World War of 1914–1918, just as the Second International was organized in 1889, following after an interval of fifteen years, the First International, which expired during the disorders following the war of 1870–1871), this Third International, rallying all the vital forces of the world-wide movement for the emancipation of the proletariat, is not yet in existence. It is still coming into being. It has not arrived. Merely the foundation for such an institution was laid — over there in Russia — at the Moscow meeting.

This Third International, which is as yet but a prophecy, can never be

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a creature of one fraction of the Socialists of the world, much less of a coterie of extremists. It can only come into being through uniting all the important Socialist groups from every part of the world, and winning their voluntary adhesion to an international agreement, which can be formulated only by the direct will of duly authorized delegates representing the millions of revolutionary Socialists who are now enrolled under our banners in every section of the globe.

To try to confine the vast cathedral of world-wide Socialism within the narrow limits of a little sectarian chapel, is to court failure at the outset.

We all of us admire the immense achievements of the Russian prolelariat, attained as they have been, in the midst of a world of difficulties. But no matter how eminent and how great are our Bolshevist comrades, they are not the whole of International Socialism. They borrow their glory from an ideal which is far greater and grander than themselves — from International Socialism as it has evolved from the teachings of Marx, Engels, Bebel, Keir Hardie, Liebknecht, Jaurès, Vaillant, and from the common faith of the organized working class throughout the world. You cannot confine this ideal to a single country, or to a brief period of time, without extinguishing it.

Furthermore, that caste exclusion, that cold and narrow intolerance, which some are trying to introduce into the Socialism of every country on the authority of our Russian comrades, has been proved impractical by the experience of the Russians themselves. Is there any more conspicuous example of a policy of acknowledged opportunism than the Soviet Republic, itself? Do we not see it organizing its industry with the help of expert engineers and foreign capitalists, and employing the old orthodox methods to maintain public order and to enforce discipline and industry? This is an opportunism quite in accord with the well-turned formula, 'Revolutionary evolution,' which Jaurès borrowed from Marx.

Lenin, in his letter to the Italian Socialists, advising them to participate actively in the coming political campaign — something which men who allege to be his ardent followers recently refused to do in France — and Radek in his letter to the German Bolsheviki pointing out that the progress of revolution in Western Europe will be slow, illustrate the difference that exists between the literal statement of certain formulas and their practical application.

Such formulas would not be a serious matter if they were confined to the field of doctrine, but when we try to apply them, we produce a formidable reaction, both national and international.

Surely our militant Socialists, fully conscious of their historical responsibility toward the suffering laboring class and the world tormented by revolution, will not likely destroy the national unity of our party, nor sever the bonds which unite us — and which ought to unite us — not only with our beloved and admired comrades of Russia, but with the ardent and aspiring proletariat of Italy, with the vast and powerfully organized proletariat of England, and with the millions of honest Socialists in Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, Scandinavia, Austria, and the United States.

Most assuredly, it is not an easy task to maintain union among all the proletariat of the world. Mere enthusiasm, mere mystical formulas, cannot accomplish this great result. So far as we are concerned, we believe it would be a fearful error to deprive

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the cause of Socialism and of revolution in France, or in any other country, of a single one of the allies and auxiliaries essential for its final victory.

[*Le Temps* (Semi-official Opportunist Daily), *February 20*]

## WHAT WILL THE SOCIALISTS DO AT STRASSBURG?

As the date of the Socialist Congress at Strassburg draws near, controversies in the camp of the revolutionaries regarding the Third International have increased in bitterness and there is growing confusion in the ranks of those who aspire to restore to Socialism the unity destroyed by the war. Out of this conflict of opinion regarding tactics and methods three contradictory policies have emerged. One is to retain the Second International, which is to be purified by excluding the Moderates. Another plan is to form a new International with the coöperation of the Moscow Communists, so as to bring together all groups of Socialists, including the Bolsheviki, with the hope of amalgamating them into an organic whole. The third plan, proposed by the extreme Radicals, is to endorse and join the International of Lenin without further ado, thus going over unconditionally to Bolshevism.

Several important Socialist conventions, notably those of the Seine and of the North have adopted resolutions indicating that the Moderate wing of the party has completely lost its former influence. The struggle for party control is no longer between the old majority group — now practically eliminated — and the former minority group. It is not between those called 'Social Patriots,' because during the war they manifested some repugnance to sacrificing entirely patriotic duty to Socialist theories and the fierce guardians of the pure revolutionary idea. No, it is a fight between extreme Internationalists and open adherents of Lenin and his Russian policy. Only a year ago the latter group was an almost invisible minority, practically without influence in the party; now it stands on an equal footing with the old radical minority, which has since become the conservative majority. More properly we can no longer speak of a Conservative wing of the French Socialist party. Immediately after the war the Internationalists overwhelmed the Moderate element with new recruits. They increased their membership from 34,000 to 134,000. But they thus sealed their own doom; for most of these young men were more radical than they. These new members joined the ranks of the 'Convulsionists,' who stand by Bolshevism through thick and thin.

Some leaders dream of reconciling the two radical groups so as to achieve unity at Strassburg, by excluding the Moderates. However, the Extremists of to-day are apparently as intolerant of the Extremists of yesterday as the latter were of the former Majority. At the convention of the Socialists of the Seine it was impossible to agree upon a common platform. Possibly this can be accomplished at Strassburg. In order to do so there, it will be necessary to assume that what is irreconcilable is reconcilable. It is enough to compare the resolutions presented by the 'Committee on Restoring the International,' which voice the views of the present majority (such men as Cachin, Longuet, and Mayéras), with the resolutions of the 'Committee for the Third International,' representing the ultra-radical wing. The first set of resolutions approves the recommendation of the Independent party of Germany in favor of restoring unity of Socialists throughout the world by

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amalgamating those parties belonging to the Second International which remained faithful to the class struggle throughout the war with the groups forming the Third International. They proclaim sympathy with the Russian revolution, but demand a preliminary conference before endorsing it. On the other hand, the resolutions of the new Extremists assert the Socialist forces can only be rallied around the organization already formed at Moscow as a nucleus, and demand that the Socialist party adhere to and endorse the principles and acts of that body.

The controversy centres, therefore, on a question of tactics. So far as purposes are concerned, both factions seem to agree. According to the platform of the more conservative of the two groups — those who do not wish to go to Moscow — the Socialist party will continue to organize the working class as a class group for the purpose of gaining control of the state and of socializing all the instruments of production and exchange. The resolutions of the second group state that the task of the proletariat is to seize the reins of power in the capitalist state and to replace the existing government by a purely proletarian organization. This new government would be organized in the form of Soviets. The dictatorship of the proletariat would immediately expropriate all capital, destroy the right of private property, inaugurate compulsory labor, and socialize the instruments of production and exchange, including factories, mines, and transportation systems. It would place the administrations of these directly in the hands of the peasants, the miners, the railway men and the sailors. The method of accomplishing this is for the masses to act as a unit, employing armed power if they are resisted by force. Practically both platforms have the same object in view, though this purpose is disguised somewhat in the more conservative of the two programmes.

The essence of the situation is that all agree to support Bolshevism — but the group at present in control of the party machinery prefers preliminary negotiations, not in order to guarantee its principles, but to assure its present leaders that they may remain in control. The latter are not quite certain that they will be welcomed by Lenin.

[*Frankfurter Zeitung* (Radical Liberal Daily), *February 13*]

## LORD HALDANE'S WAR BOOK

WE have recently reviewed a book written by the former Lord Chancellor of England, Earl Loreburn, entitled, *How the War Came*. The author was a leader of the Little England anti-Imperial Liberals, and his book is a charge against the Imperialist wing of the Cabinet, which in Earl Loreburn's opinion had entered into an alliance with France in violation of the spirit of the Constitution, or at least without the knowledge of Parliament. Now there lies before us the work of another Liberal statesman, who likewise was a member of a cabinet, and was also Lord Chancellor of England after Earl Loreburn's resignation. However, he belongs to the Liberal Imperialists and is indeed one of their leading members. His work entitled, *Before the War*, is not a reply to Earl Loreburn, but is for the most part a republication of newspaper articles which quite possibly were written before his predecessor's work was published. Loreburn speaks as a defender of the Constitution, and from this standpoint condemns the agreements made with the French. Haldane speaks from the diplomatic and military standpoint, and judges the Anglo-French arrangements solely

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from that point of view. He is particularly qualified to discuss this topic, for he was Minister of War from the end of 1905 to the summer of 1912, and therefore was officially acquainted with the conversations between the general staffs of Great Britain and France, which eventually meant so much for their military coöperation during the war. We learn from him that these questions were not left exclusively to the army, but that the 'Committee of Imperial Defense,' organized at the time Balfour was Premier, was constantly informed of all these measures. This committee held regular meetings, which were presided over by the Premier himself, and received reports from the chiefs of Staff of the Army and the Admiralty. Of course, the Minister of War and the Minister of the Navy were present, and we now learn that other Cabinet officers regularly participated in the sessions. Among them were Grey, Morley, and Lloyd George. Therefore, the measures taken were no secret to the Cabinet. It is made to appear that the Lord Chancellor Loreburn might also have been present if he desired. Either these two gentlemen contradict each other, or, what is more likely, part of the Cabinet, including Loreburn, paid no attention to military matters because they did not appreciate their political significance. Lord Haldane, furthermore, had for years been an intimate personal friend of Asquith, Minister of Finance, and later Premier, and of Sir Edward Grey, who was in charge of foreign affairs. Both gentlemen had served simultaneously as Vice-Presidents of the 'Liberal Empire League,' presided over by Lord Rosebury. This League was founded by those elements in the Liberal party who no longer endorsed the old Gladstonian foreign policies. In contrast with his predecessor in the Chancellor's office, Haldane belonged to the inner circle of men who really ruled the country; for in a cabinet of twenty members everyone does not belong to this governing group. The system is open to criticism, especially in a period when the fullest publicity is demanded. But so long as wars are possible, governments will not reveal vital secrets to the entire world.

Accordingly, Lord Haldane would justify the policy of which he has been a consistent supporter. But he justifies it with unconcealed regret that no alternative was left. His book has been bitterly attacked by Jingos, but it is, nevertheless, an indictment against Germany, or rather against the blind policy of a certain group. He does not blame the German nation, the Kaiser, or the civil government. It would be hardly consistent for Lord Haldane, who has absorbed so much German culture, who studied at Göttingen and who has often resided in our country, to repudiate these intellectual affiliations or to depreciate the national character of the Germans. But it is grateful to read the words of a man who speaks with such perfect composure — a quality we expect indeed of philosophers, but seldom discover in public men — of the German character. Inasmuch as on an earlier occasion he committed the fearful indiscretion of calling Germany his 'intellectual home,' he was made the object of merciless attack throughout the war by patriots of the Northcliffe and Bottomley type. Even his personal safety was placed in peril. When he speaks to-day in favor of the speedy reconciliation of two great nations, which he insists are closely akin in character and temper, he is not courting the favor of the mob. It is certain that many of his Liberal colleagues, who are still on the lower rungs of the political ladder, would be cautious

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about expressing themselves so frankly. Haldane believes that the most important difference between the Germans and the English lies in the disposition of the former to obedience.

During my innumerable trips to Germany, I made it a practice to wander through the country, and often had an opportunity to smoke and drink beer with the peasants and the common people. The thing that impressed me most was the slight interest which they took in the management of their own public affairs and their ignorance of them. There was a general disposition to regard it their unquestioned duty to do what the authorities directed.

He does not believe that the Kaiser, with whom he frequently held long conversation, really desired war, nor that he endorsed all the measures of the military party in Germany.

The administration of affairs in Germany was admirably organized for certain purposes, and very poorly organized for other purposes. The autocratic system facilitated effective military preparations. But at the same time this system left the Kaiser no freedom of choice as to policy. One of the greatest popular errors in the world is the belief that the Kaiser was an absolute ruler. Modern military organization had rendered necessary the growing influence of the general staff and the admiralty staff, which had become very powerful of late years; but it was equally important from other considerations, that this influence should be kept within carefully prescribed limits. The military system had evoked forces against which the Kaiser was powerless. . . . The army spirit when over-developed is dangerous. It sees only its own path, but it sees that path with great clearness; and this makes it very powerful. There is only one way to confine militarism within its proper limits, and that is to keep it entirely subordinated to public opinion as expressed through Parliament.

Possibly these words were written for the benefit of other people besides the Germans.

Haldane discloses no new facts to illumine the fatal course of the Anglo-German dissensions. In a broad way, they are already known and responsible statesmen would not add to their credit by trying to raise minor influences to the dignity of important causes. He was the best-informed man about Germany in the Liberal cabinet that came into power in 1905, and apparently he was the only man who understood this country well. It is indeed appalling to consider how little the great civilized nations know of each other. Such ignorance was all that rendered possible the fearful disaster produced by international hatred in the recent war. Government leaders for the most part are the victims of unspeakably stupid prejudice. Lord Haldane laments that Germany had so little comprehension of England, but he also laments that English statesmen took little trouble to understand Germany. He hints that something more might have been done to win our friendship. He believes that in 1906, when he visited Berlin, at the Kaiser's invitation, as Minister of War, our army leaders were not yet thinking seriously of fighting England. General Moltke, the Chief of Staff, told him that such a war would be a long one and possibly inconclusive, and would throw the foreign commerce of both countries into the lap of the United States.

During the years that followed, Haldane was busily occupied in developing the British territorial army, an organization that gave excellent service in the war. It formed a second line at home after the regular troops had been dispatched to the continent, and filled the gap until public sentiment was ripe for the introduction of universal service. Thereafter, it furnished the skeleton for the gigantic army which seemed to spring from the earth at the call of the nation. When the Agdir crisis occurred in 1911, the reorganization of British defense was nearly completed. War was avoided then, but as Bethmann-Hollweg told

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the author later, 'not without strenuous effort.' The Emperor took alarm and had Haldane invited to come to Berlin early in 1912 to arrange for an understanding. This resulted in the famous negotiations for a naval truce. Every effort was made in Berlin to win the sympathies of the distinguished visitor. Before the conference began, and after a pleasant breakfast at the Palace, the Kaiser personally read him Goethe's poem, 'Ilmenau,' and during the conference the British guest was asked to occupy the seat of the Imperial President, while the German ruler took an ordinary chair further down the table. These attentions were gratefully appreciated, but Lord Haldane was too good a patriot and too true a Scotchman to allow himself to be influenced by such courtesies in the business at hand. He told the Germans that if they kept up naval construction at the present rate, no sort of an arrangement with England would improve their relations, or be more than a mere 'skeleton without flesh.' He is under the impression that Turpitz prevented a reduction in the naval programme, although the Chancellor was favorable to such a measure.

We get the impression from this book that Bethmann-Hollweg was a lamentably weak man, although its author is by no means unfriendly to the former Chancellor: 'He did not contradict my opinion. I could see that he personally agreed with me. But he told me that the forces opposed to him were almost insuperable.' Is it possible that a foreign statesman on receiving such information from the highest official of the German Empire, could return home without fearing that these hostile powers would soon be invincible? Haldane believes they became so in 1913. At that date the reins of power fell into the hands of the war party in Berlin. But he considers that Germany's military plans were poorly conceived. 'In 1914, when war actually broke out, it was speedily evident that Germany had not considered its military problems with sufficient thoroughness. If it had done so, it would have struck with its full naval power at the first moment. Above all, it would have employed its submarines and destroyers in order to prevent the transportation of the regular army of Great Britain to France. If it could have stopped the arrival of this army, its own task would have been to occupy the northern ports of France.' The tremendous blunders of the German military party culminated in the final submarine campaign. 'Beyond all question, Germany had fought heroically. But it blundered primarily on account of its unbounded self-confidence and ambition, which clouded the nation's common sense and prevented it from foreseeing the true consequences of its acts.'

Lord Haldane's book is addressed to those 'who seek to be dispassionate.' Inasmuch as this state of mind is far from common as yet, his volume may not have a popular appeal. But it will be invaluable to the historian of the future, as the testimony of a man who was intimately conversant with these great events, and who was not a party-blinded witness. The author himself, a skeptical and yet an optimistic observer of world affairs, still cherishes hope of a speedy improvement in international relations. 'I hope that the day is approaching when we will drop our mutual recriminations and will cease to dwell in the bitterness of the past, just as we have in the case of the French, the Spaniards, the Russians and the Boers. It would be a good thing in every way to have this happen.'

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[*Heraldo de Madrid* (Radical Liberal Daily), *February 11*]

## WHY REPUBLICANISM WANES IN SPAIN

THE decline of the Spanish Republican party, which has been forced upon our attention by the result of the last elections, is due to causes worthy of serious examination. Without doubt, the first of these is the growth among the masses of political aspirations directed mainly toward economic and social objects. This development is common to all European countries. For example, in Italy each successive election has shown a falling off in Republican votes. In 1913 there were seventeen Republican deputies, in 1919 they had been reduced to nine, and even these are divided into two factions, one advocating and the other rejecting collaboration with a monarchist cabinet.

In Belgium, the decay of the Republican party has been still more rapid and decisive. Many former Republicans, like Janson, recognize the monarchy and form the radical wing of the Liberals, while others, like Vandervelde, have joined the Socialists. The view of this situation taken by the Belgian Socialists is voiced in the words of Vandervelde:

> Our King has no more power than the President of the French Republic and much less than the President of the United States. The Constitution of Belgium has consistently developed in the direction of limiting the powers of the sovereign and enlarging the powers of the people. The real division that separates the governments of Europe into two classes is not between republics and monarchies, but between personal governments and parliamentary governments. It is better to sacrifice our preferences in this question, and to direct our main attention to the social struggle, rather than to dissipate our energy trying to substitute a Republic for a Monarchy.

Therefore, the real reason why the Republican movement is losing ground is that the mass of working people has now become absorbed in other political objects. This is not the time to discuss sterile theories of government anywhere, least of all among our Spanish Socialists, at a moment when the country is threatened with disorder and with anarchy.

When Pablo Iglesias was at the height of his political power, his propaganda was centred upon two points, opposing factional excesses, and preaching skepticism as to the value of a mere substitution of a republican form of government for a monarchy. The ideals of the proletariat cannot be satisfied by a mere change of names, and a bourgeois republic would differ no whit from a constitutional kingdom. It was not until 1909, when reaction was firmly seated in the saddle, that Pablo Iglesias and his party decided to work definitely for a republic.

Now, at a time when their old chief is ill, and possibly in defiance of his wishes, the educated classes are deserting Republicanism and reform, while the Socialists of Madrid are proclaiming in favor of the Third International. However, we do not believe that Spanish Socialists will continue their present path, when they appreciate that the Labor party of England has repudiated the doctrines of Lenin, and when Longuet declares at the People's Palace in Brussels that affiliation with the Third International would be prejudicial and inopportune for European Socialism.

On the other hand, the recent speech of Teodomtro Menendes permits us to hope that Spanish Socialism, or at least the more intelligent element of the party, will repudiate syndicalism and anarchy, and ally itself with the saner Radicals to oppose reaction, and to realize in our country a true democratic government and profound political and social reforms.



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[*The Manchester Guardian*]

# ROMANTIC INDIA

BY ARTHUR W. HOWLETT

I WAS once discussing with a friend hydrophobia, and happened to say 'Of course, you could not apply the Muzzling Order in India.' To my surprise he asked, 'Why not?' Now, he was a man of erudition who even has his name in *Who's Who*, and that he should ask such a question struck me first of all with amazement and then with a kind of hopelessness. How could one answer? If he knew so little of India as to ask this question, there were no bases of understanding on which one could build a reply. Assuming there are a million villages in India and that each one has at a low computation twenty to thirty pariah dogs in it or round it, there will be twenty-five million half-wild, ownerless dogs to muzzle. It would take several days' journey to reach a majority of these villages. And this does not allow for the several million jackals, nor for the thousands of wolves and hyenas and wild dogs and foxes which are certainly beyond the wit of man to muzzle, though they are more deadly propagators of rabies than dogs themselves.

But why labor the point? The question is obviously ridiculous. It is only serious because it seemed to me to show what herculean labors will be called for before the ordinary English mind can be brought to even a dim conception of what the word India means. In some cases there is simple gnorance, in some there is prejudiced ignorance, and in some there is just lazy ignorance, the ignorance which will not try to think. But the time will come in a few years when a right valuation of Eastern affairs is going to be a matter of life or death for the Western world.

Much popular fancy represents India as a land where a mystical assortment of gods and demigods, with fakirs, yogis, rajahs, conjurers, and mountebanks, spends its time in dodging snakes and tigers. It is not untrue either, but, like so many popular conceptions, represents only half the truth. Twenty thousand lives are lost annually to wild beasts, and of these the greater number fall victims to snakes. This figure alone should impress one with the extent of our Indian dominions, as illustrating, first, the vastness of the reservoirs which feed this enormous feral population, and, second, the remoteness and savagery of those jungle fastnesses where these tragedies take place.

To translate into a form a little more appreciable, not a day passes of your own life but somewhere in India some fifty people have died through the action of wild beasts. It is not to be supposed that efforts are not made to destroy these monsters. Standing rewards are offered by the government for the killing of all the more dangerous types. But so wild and impenetrable are their sanctuaries that it is impossible to do anything except to keep their numbers within bounds in the more populous territories.

One vast reserve, for instance, is the Terai, that stretch of water-logged jungle that runs for hundreds of miles



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at the base of the Himalayas, and which intensifies its characteristics as it approaches the actual foothills in a zone commonly known as the Bhaber. So deadly is it that in the hot weather and rains no one lives in it, and the natives themselves desert it for the lower slopes of the mountains. Thus its tangled brakes and its countless streams are left to the sole occupancy of the tiger and the deer for the greater part of the year. Another such reserve is Assam, much of it still unexplored. And, again, the biggest delta in the world, that of the Sunderbunds, between the huge city of Calcutta and the sea, is no more than hundreds of miles of tiger-haunted forest into which men can pass only by launches or canoes, with the almost certain penalty of a severe dose of malaria.

There are reserves of a different kind, unapproachable more on account of their inhospitality than by vegetable obstruction. Such are the deserts of Rajputana and of Sind. And with all these well-marked natural reserves there are hundreds of smaller ones dotted among the villages, whether in the plains or among the valleys of the Himalayas. The Central Provinces, still in great areas unopened to civilization, hold savage tribes who live by hunting with bows and arrows and are probably more degraded in the human scale than were the ancient Britons. On the northeast frontier are many more. A consideration of these few details ought to be sufficient answer to my friend's inquiry as to why the Muzzling Order could not be applied to India to stamp out hydrophobia.

The reality of the existence of these wild creatures in India is often brought home to one in a startling and very forcible fashion. Thus, I well remember my mingled feelings of consternation and delight on arriving at a certain forest bungalow in the Himalayas to find posted up in the veranda a printed notice offering five hundred rupees for the destruction of a man-eating tiger which was terrorizing the district. Consternation because I had come on foot, most of the way by moonlight and by myself, and my work for the next few weeks was going to take me many more walks in the neighborhood; delight because I felt this was the real India, because my old boyish enthusiasms were not dead, and the presence of a wild tiger,— not behind the bars of a menagerie,— though it might cause me some personal inconvenience if I fell in with it, uplifted at once my rather prosaic business into the region of high adventure.

It was early in November, and I learned that already for the month his victims numbered five. I may remark parenthetically that he was shot ultimately at a spot some three miles away on some ground which was being cleared for an extension of a tuberculosis sanatorium. Thus do romance and the commonplace ever go jostling each other in India.

I feel justified in interpolating here a story concerning this same tiger which nobody will believe for a minute, but which makes just one of those weird, uncanny happenings to which most Europeans in India become subject at one time or another, and which, if they think at all, must teach them at least an element of doubt in their skepticism about things which appear improbable. I do not say I believe the story myself, nor yet do I altogether disbelieve it. But a picture of India would be incomplete without it or one like it.

Two old natives came to the forest bungalow one morning and asked if I wished to go after the tiger, as it was close by, and they had seen it the even-

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ing before. I disclaimed all desire to do so, as I had only a small rifle, a .300 Winchester, which I used to carry in case of meeting trouble, but with which I was certainly not going to look for trouble. I asked them where they had seen it and how. They told me that they had been sitting in their hut in the semi-darkness with their fire burning in the middle of the floor, when the door was pushed open and the tiger himself came in. He did not molest them at all, but calmly sat down on his haunches before the fire, and remained there several minutes warming himself. After a time he got up and walked out as unconcernedly as he had come in. The two men were paralyzed with fright, and could neither speak nor move. They sat there all the rest of the night, not daring to stir out, but doing their best to keep up the fire till daybreak.

They told the whole story so simply and with such a matter-of-fact air that I know I felt my hair rise as I pictured the scene. Their hut stood in a ravine less than a mile from the bungalow, and I must have passed it frequently in my wanderings. They were simple peasant men, and they may have been the victims of an illusion, but I am positive that they were convinced that they were telling the truth.

It is one of the penalties of Indian service that it should entail regrets, but it is pertinent to inquire here, perhaps, why men go to India in the first place. I suppose they go as I did myself, primarily to satisfy the adventure spirit of their race, to see a strange land, to feed their imaginations, to take the chances of a career in a more spacious field. Because the wonder note of their youth is still vibrating, ere it loses itself and its high quaverings in the final outlook of life. But why they stay is a different matter. For two or three years are enough to wear out the tinsel of the first outlook, and then comes the yearning for home, for the cool mountain streams and green grass which are unknown in India, for the dewy hedgerows, for the snow at Christmas time, for a thousand and one little things of daily life in England which those who have them never bless.

But by this time a new interest has entered into the life of the Indian official. He has felt the call of the people for him, for the sternness, justice, equity, kindness, impartiality, which they know he stands for and which he alone can give. He knows no fetters of creed, caste, race, or custom. The humble peasant in the fields is the same to him as the proud Brahmin priest in his temple. And, as is commonly the way with men, as the call to responsibility comes, the power to assume it comes too. He is *Ma Bap* — father and mother — to perhaps half a million souls, and to them he stands as the symbol of help in trouble. The proportion of white officials to the Indian population being one in fifty thousand, it is only rough-shod critics at home who can expect him to encompass perfection in his administration.

And how unfamiliar is the world to which he is called. For with any ordinary foreigner, such as a Frenchman, or a German, or an Italian, the Englishman can judge of differences in terms of himself, for with minor distinctions their dress, food, and religion, and even their daily habits are much the same as his own. But the Indian is of a world apart. His clothes, his food, his ways, and his outlook on life are those of a different being. Let me picture life in an Indian village from day to day, such as, be it remembered, the vast majority of our Indian fellow subjects live. At early dawn the whole of the villagers rise and troop

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out into the fields, the men in one direction, the women and children in another. There they perform those daily offices of nature which one cannot further particularize in our converse. Then they start the day's toil, the men in the fields, the women in the village itself.

Work in the field naturally varies with the season and the crops, but in the village it is much the same all the year. First the women go with their pitchers to the well, the well where their grandmothers went and their grandmothers' grandmothers too, perhaps to a thousand years ago. Then they troop back to their houses. They cook, they clean the shining brass vessels till they look like gold. Some of them set to work to make the cow-dung cakes for their fuel, a messy-looking business to a European observer. A great mass of the green stuff lies in a heap before the lady, and she plunges her bare brown arms into it, mixing it with a little straw and 'mutti'—the Indian name for the fine earth of which the soil consists almost everywhere — to make it hold together. Then she draws out a lump, pats it into a bun-shape with her hands, and dabs it on the mud wall of her house fronting the sun to dry. It is a common sight to see the house walls of every village plastered with these dung cakes. They burn very brightly, giving off a not unpleasant acrid smell. Then she sets to work to patch up the cracks in the walls or the flooring of the hut, using much the same material but with a larger proportion of the 'mutti.' The inside of a Hindu's hut is generally as clean as a new pin, as fresh and cool as any spot you could find in that great heat.

I know not what the Indian would do without his 'mutti.' He (or she) uses it to polish his vessels, uses it for soap for his hands or woodwork, moulds it into pipes for his smoking, baking it hard in the sun, builds his house with it, makes dolls and toys for the children, and mangers for the cow and calf in his little back yard, of this same all-useful 'mutti.' I have heard cavilers, generally very superficially-minded tourists, complain bitterly of the poor Indian living on his four or five annas a day. They forget how bountiful nature is toward him. He requires no fuel for bodily warmth, his building materials are always ready to hand. He has no gas and water rates. Of clothes he needs few, and those mainly for decency's sake and the embellishment of his womenkind. I found, after all, the peasants in Japan living on just the same amount, and they have a harder climate to contend with.

I have laid stress upon the radical differences between Indian and European modes of life. Howbeit, there is one direction in which the two societies more nearly approach each other. For, at all times and among nearly all peoples, there has been discernible the usual division into the three classes which we are wont to denominate as upper, lower, and middle. The more savage and uncouth the people, the more the first two predominate, and the more sharply they are differentiated. The more highly civilized and the more complex the society, the more the intervention of the middle class in the affairs of life is brought into play. In India, as in this country, we find these three classes fairly established. Their interrelationship is complicated largely by the questions of caste, but, leaving that aside, it is not hard to demarcate their boundaries.

In the upper classes we have the ruling chiefs and princes, the religious heads, the zemindars or country squires. It is largely a matter of wealth, it is true, since some of the greatest

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rajahs are of quite low caste, and in that land of ancient nobility, where ancentry goes back to times compared with which the Conquest is as of yesterday, would be accounted as *parvenus*.

The lower classes are the peasants of the fields representing almost all India so far as mere numbers, at any rate, are concerned. To these must be added in these modern days the workers in the mills of Bombay, Cawnpore, Agra, and other places where industrial activity has come into being. The important fact to remember is that it is with the third or middle class that the average European, especially if he is not an official, comes most intimately into contact. Hence all his views of India are apt to be adduced from and at least colored largely by this section. For in it are comprised all that numerous body of subordinate officials who constitute the fly-wheel of the great machine of administration. The clerks in the offices—*bábus* as they love to be called— the teachers, the station masters, officers of the jails, public works, forestry, opium, salt, and other departments, working under the administrative white officers, clerks in mercantile houses, tax collectors, and practically any who have a claim to education at all — that is, all who can read and write and do simple arithmetic may claim to belong to this ever-growing class of the community.

Without them the machinery of law and order and government would come to a standstill or run so unbalanced as to become unmanageable. They nearly all necessarily know English, and speak and write it with marvelous fluency. Their 'babuisms' are often comical and a frequent target for good-humored joking, but are probably no more ridiculous than the excursions of Englishmen into their own language. They represent what has latterly come to be called in political parlance the intelligentsia.

If England had done little more for India it might congratulate itself on its encouragement of the growth of this class, for in it has at last been found a liberation from the awful shackles of caste, a haven of self-respect from those waters of doom whereon so many millions of Indians have been doomed to wander by the mere accident of birth.

And here may be noted the extraordinary paradox, which I have not seen remarked as yet in any of the numerous disquisitions on this burning question, that it is this middle class, whom apparently European Governments desire to see obsolescent, that is being selected in India to be the main repository of political power. Whether this is intentional or merely the result of ignorance this is not the place to inquire. But the opposition that has come from the official classes of Europeans in India has been largely due to a suspicion that the interests of the vast majority of Indians, the poor workers of the soil, with whom their sympathies lie, are not being considered. It is by no means a mere selfish fear that their own prerogatives are to be subverted.

For years and years India has had the best brains and the finest characters of the United Kingdom put at her disposal. Competition for the Indian services was until quite recently more severe than that of any other examinations. The entry to the Indian Civil Service was regarded as the acme of a university career. A commission in the Indian Medical Service was accounted the most splendid opportunity of a career that could be found by a medical man who did not desire to stay at home. Thus India has had for her governance in all her departments, whether of law and justice, police,

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forestry, medical, etc., not the off-scourings of our schools but the best which we had to give. It has not been like many of our colonies, a sort of limbo for our ne'er-do-wells.

But competition in many of these fields is now dwindling to exiguous proportions, which means that, inevitably, an inferior class of sahib will go to India. Perhaps this is all to the good of the Empire at large, and what is India's loss may be our gain. But so far as India is concerned it is a serious matter of an import only too plain to those who are acquainted with India at first hand.

[*The Church Quarterly*]

## OUR ENGLISH HYMNS

BY F. W. ORDE WARD

A HYMN seems such an easy thing to write, that it is no wonder the hymn writers and even the hymn books are almost countless. But really nothing in the form of verse proves to be more difficult. Tennyson, we believe, wrote only one piece of the kind, and Rudyard Kipling cannot be credited with more.

Some dignitaries of the Church, bishops, deans, and canons, appear to imagine that they are *ex-officio* peculiarly qualified for this kind of work. But theology is no training for hymnology. Rather the contrary, it tends to produce a prosy mind. And the pitiable results attained by the dignitaries show their mistake. For in a hymn proper we have to reconcile polar opposites, the simple and the sublime, the personal and the impersonal, the subjective and the objective, the universal and the particular. And it demands a man of real genius to do this with any sort of success.

Matthew Arnold, one of our finest critics, said with truth, German hymns are a monument of a nation's strength, English hymns are a monument of a nation's weakness. Probably there are not more than a hundred good hymns in all our numerous hymnals. We have only two outstanding names —Cowper and Charles Wesley. And the Nonconformist poets are perhaps superior to the Anglicans. Keble's hymns are more suitable for private study and devotions and not generally fit for public worship. He gives the impression of writing in tight stays. He was indeed a poet of the first class, but very few of his beautiful compositions are adapted for popular use. Faber wrote too prettily and too prolixly to write often really well. His romps in rhyme sometimes offend our taste and weary our souls.

Of course there are many of the worst hymns so closely associated with our earliest beliefs and most precious memories, that we feel it would be profane to criticize them; we took them then as we took our wives, for better or worse. Such we accept as unquestionable treasures, and household words. We are blind, and perhaps rightly, to their grotesque and glaring defects. But even if included in every hymnal, they remain bad work. We would no more venture to condemn them than to botanize on our mother's grave.

Robert Bridges in his *Yattendon Hymnal*, has offered us specimens of his own writing. But though they stand many crucial tests, they are, like most of his work, rather wooden in character. They want fire and force, as well as simplicity. And his more ambitious poems, though they display Greek restraint and Greek form, lack anything of Greek inspiration. He never dares to let himself go. But he does know how the task should be executed, if he does not practise what he preaches. His efforts are not at all mediocre, but rather immoderate

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moderation—not the heaven-sent and heaven-taught singer.

Culture and classical education, if naturally not unacceptable here, are, nevertheless, not necessary qualifications for the hymn writer. And the most popular exponents of the art have sometimes been ignorant and unlearned men and women, but their productions prove that they have been with Jesus and have drunk deeply of His Spirit. They are Christ-intoxicated singers. There is no 'fine frenzy' of the drama, but the spontaneous lyrical rapture of the lark mounting in the privacy of light up to its native heaven. They sing because they must, and not because they can. The passion of a religious fervor acts as a driving power that compels and impels them. The love of Christ constraineth them. Mere talent only enables, but true genius necessitates the spiritual outburst. It is an upheaval of the being. Flame must burn, wind must blow, water must flow, and the heaven-born singer must sing. The blue sky of eternity is his home. Unfortunately, some of our Church dignitaries forget this. But what did S. T. Coleridge say of such pretenders?

Swans sing before they die; 't were no bad thing,
Should certain persons die before they sing.

It is difficult, in these days of overproduction, to meet anyone who has not published a hymnal or at least contributed to one, and connived at a literary crime. And really when you get to know them and talk with them, they are most excellent fellows, worthy members of society and living blameless lives, who would not kill a fly, and yet have been cruel murderers of the King's English and a noble art.

Too many of these good people seem to have embarked upon their work without the slightest idea of what they were going to do, equipped only with good intentions. But to write a good hymn requires the strength of a giant and the open-mindedness of a child. It must be an effortless effort, and yet scale the skies and plumb the deepest abysses of human nature. It will harness together the babble of a brook and the swell of ocean. It will gather public and cosmic notes into private feelings and personal confessions, and individualize the cravings of all societies, the highest and the lowest.

Everyone of every class or order of mind finds pabulum in a good hymn, that appeals to something fundamental or ultimate in his nature and common to humanity. Though associated with a public act of service, it will touch the most private recesses of the heart Soul music never speaks in vain. The prosiest citizen discovers his real self at last in one of the dozen or so great hymns that constitute our limited stock of their possessions, when the most eloquent sermon leaves no echo in his breast. One universal sigh at the unveiling of sin, when set to song in this way, as only a master like Cowper and Charles Wesley can set it, brings him to his knees at once when all the thunders of Sinai from the pulpit have not moved him. And it will sing in his memory forever. For here the particular and the universal are one and the same thing. 'A touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.'

Devotional hymns stand apart, they are mainly for the chamber or the study. And we are thinking now merely of congregational hymns and their corporate uses for the heart of worshipers. A good hymn, a great hymn, is a kind of embodied conscience, a kind of little Christ. It is a beautiful summation of the profounder thoughts and feelings that stir the soul, the sweetest passions of the profoundest life. It draws on the eter-

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nal, and pulses in vitality with the most sacred symbolism of our Christian religion. Hope, faith, love are its elements, the quickening stuff of the raw materials which it transmutes into reality and poetry. A child can understand it, and a philosopher sees his broadest measure outmeasured.

Many of the Psalms and the three Isaiahs overflow with this inspired and inspiring teaching. They are world music and talk to us in world melodies. The baby in his mother's arms drinks in the strains greedily, and grows into the harmony they suggest unconsciously and naturally. They enter into his very being and form part of it. He is being built up

> As Ilium like a mist rose into towers.

He gradually gains from them soul, form, and soul-substance. For he recognizes in them his own self, depicted in generous lines. They help to mould his mind and construct his spiritual stature.

Prayer and praise should be mingled in unequal proportions. That is to say, praise should be the predominant portion of the subject matter. We adore God, we glorify Him wherever and whenever we can. He is the supreme object of our worship. He deserves our first and last homage. Because every good gift and every perfect gift is from above and cometh down from the Father. The circumference of our hymns, so to speak, may be embroidered with other and earthlier thoughts and feelings, but the centre-giving life and unity to the whole must be the great Fountain-head of all. For our God is a jealous God, and brooks no rival near His throne. His mercy endureth forever, and His might controls the totality of our ways and means. Because He is so merciful and infinite Love, therefore He is also a consuming fire.

Piety, no doubt, goes very far indeed, and must always be an indispensable factor in the creation of a good hymn. But without the dynamic of true poetry beneath it, without the inspiration, there will be no wings with which to fly, no sacred flame with which to burn, no kindling light with which to shine forever and ever. And in the Cross of Christ are inexhaustible fountains of revelation, always new while always old. A merely subjective hymn is a piece of vulgar and undesirable egotism, by which the individual simply voices his own views and desires, it has no corporate backbone or oasis, but confronts us as miserably invertebrate and selfish. And, on the other hand, a merely objective hymn could only be sung appropriately by a deist.

We want a happy combination of the two factors, the objective and the subjective, the personal and the impersonal, the universal and the particular, with the objective slightly in ascendancy. And then the spirit of optimism which all good congregational hymns should breathe may be chastened with the charm of joyful fear and humble misgiving, together with the faint possible suggestion of a remote and subdued personal neediness. The matter of hymns should be the great elemental emotions of hope and awe, gladness and sorrow, not unmixed with fundamental beliefs and aspirations, glorified by reverence and reserve. But nothing will be unreasonable. There must be fire, because there must be feeling.

A merely unemotional hymn will never stir the minds of men or strengthen their convictions. No enthusiasm, no vital movement of any kind can be initiated or maintained without a certain amount of passionate energy. Hymns should set souls ablaze with love. But this is an indispensable

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ingredient in all hymns, that they should be intensely alive and immensely human. It does not imply a mawkish sentimentalism or a maudlin rhetoric, from which some of Faber's and even other excellent hymns are by no means free. There is peace at the heart of the stormiest strains. But we fail to find the real thing, the true note in Bickersteth's famous hymn, 'Peace, perfect peace.'

We cannot recapture the past temper of any time, either the Elizabethan, or the age of Wesley and Whitefield, or the Oxford Movement, or the Cambridge Movement with its Simeon and others. There is little or no religious spirit abroad now, when everything has been thrown into the melting pot, churches and institutions alike, and the most sacred things without exception. In spite of the loud talk about reconstruction of creeds and services, nothing is done. The war has killed the higher life, and love of money and pleasure reigns supreme. No good hymns or hymnist can arise out of chaos.

[*The Anglo-French Review*]

# BOB HUTCHINS SEES IT THROUGH

BY B. M. MAY

He was plain, he was awkward, and he was not very clean. Bob Hutchins was his name, and his official appellation was Sapper 15398 of the Royal Engineers; but as I knew him, and as they knew him, he was nothing more nor less than the hero of Punchy.

Now Punchy was, properly speaking, not a battle — though for two years it was certainly little else. It was simply a village in the French sector of the province of the Somme. It *was*, I say. As I write it is naught but a heap of bricks and spars, of postlike trees and shell-holed ground, of wire entanglements, trenches, and dugouts — in fact like any other of the hundred and one villages which have lain for a goodly spell a mile or two behind the line.

Bob Hutchins, too, was not in the least your idea of a hero man. He had never done anything particularly startling, so far as I know, and he probably never will — not anything to win a medal, anyway. No, he was not 'great,' as the world counts greatness. The day I first met him, he was slouching down the lane through the ruins, an old clay pipe stuck into the corner of his mouth. His tunic, certainly, was very greasy, and his cap was pushed on to the back of his head. At sight of me he stopped a moment and stared.

'Good morning,' I said, as surprised to see him as he was to see me.

'Mornin',' he replied, raising his eyebrows slightly, and shifting his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other.

'I did n't expect to see khaki down here,' I said.

'I dessay. 'A was n't lookin' to 'ear an English voice neither.'

He stuck his hands in his pockets

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and leaned against the splashboard of the car.

'You stationed down this way?' I hazarded, knowing I was not in the British sector.

'Workin' on the railroad from Shorlnes to Pironn,' he said laconically.

'Got a day's rest then, I suppose,' I continued, endeavoring to keep up an interest in a somewhat stodgy conversation with my countryman, the appearance of whom, in this unexpected area, was such a welcome sight.

'Noa. Works of a night,' was the reply.

'What are you doing here then, when you ought to be sleeping?'

'Doin' just a bit of building oop there to pass the time away.' He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. 'S'pose you don't 'appen to come from anywhere near Manchester? No? Waal I must be getting on. Goo' mornin'.' And he slouched off down the road.

There was nothing very military in the deportment of Bob Hutchins.

'Oop there' was a hovel erected on the scene of a once prosperous farm, where an old couple with their daughter and granddaughter had returned to live (in 'la misère où on est, après tout, chez soi!') within two months of the Germans' speedy evacuation in the spring of 1917. The man, old and infirm, was able to do nothing; his wife, good soul, in milking the goat in which they had immediately invested their remaining savings, found her failing strength amply occupied; and the buxom daughter of some thirty-odd years, with the whole of the *ménage* to run, the old man to care for, *la petite* to keep neat in the few garments that remained, and washing to do for any stray soldiers — so as to earn pence with which to buy bread — found little time over to spend on outside work.

Thus I found out that it was Bob Hutchins, wholly and solely, who was responsible for the roof which covered their heads, and the two little rooms, miserable and inadequate though they were, that had made them a home once more — a home which the old man, for one, had almost come to fear he would never see again!

You and I might not have understood his wish to see it, might have been unable to fathom what could make them willing to live among such desolation. Desolation indeed! At night a spectral village, lined with the skeletons of what had been but *is* no more, apparently a place of human habitation, yet here can one shout to the full of one's lungs with never an answering sound, and can search the darkness for hours but never see a light save that in the eerie pin-points from the eyes of some deserted cat, come back to prowl, in its search for food, around the only human homes it has ever known. Now and then the shivering flashes along the horizon tell of the destruction, human and material, still continuing some twenty miles away. Such is a village, in which a collection of timber and boxwood and corrugated iron from the trenches and dugouts, goes to make a dwelling in which faithful folk will choose to live — in preference to the cared for dependence of the refugee just because to them it is Home!

The coming of Punchy into the interests of Bob seems to have happened this way. Situated only a mile or so away from their rail-head, a group of Tommies — of whom Hutchins was one — had, for one reason or another, within a week or two of the German retreat, erected a sort of shelter round a remaining end wall. In a short while they too were sent forward in their work on the rails, messing still however at the depot only a few miles north of the village, and to the old

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shelter Bob returned one day for a quiet smoke. To their mutual astonishment, he walked in upon the *famille Massias* huddled together round a dugout table, drinking weak potage. They did not understand him for sure, nor he them! But the look of alarm in their eyes — due perhaps to ignorance as to whether *les militaires* had still command over their home — and an unacknowledged admiration of their pluck on his part, went some way toward relieving Bob of any native shyness, and he intimated, by many humorous gestures and ejaculations, that for all he cared they were free to stay.

*He* did not want their hovel! At least that probably was his way of expressing his feelings to his mates. But Bob was a thinker. And some result of his meditations led him to return on the following day bringing a hammer and a saw, and, 'to put in time of a day,' he took to patching up the place a bit, and making it slightly more weatherproof. All night long his work on the railroad kept him busy, and by day he worked steadily in Punchy. When he slept heaven knows! One by one as the peasants crept back to the scene of their homes, Bob, without fuss or preamble, transferred his attentions from those on which he had been working, and tried to make the fresh dwelling as habitable as he could. I never asked who supplied the material he used. I am sure the bits of board, the nails, and hinges were never missed by headquarters!

But on the day he told me 'he'd been round seein' if he could n't get a bit of glass nowheres for the window of Mitté's because that there mica splits so,' Bob was returning from the only town in a position to sell anything, and I am fairly sure that a slice of his own pay had gone to yield the few panes he carried, for the Mittés certainly had no cash to spare for luxuries! For reward, so far as tangible rewards count for anything, he got but a cup of potage or a glass of strong black coffee, both of which he swallowed rather as a medicine than anything else, since they 'took on so' the first time he had refused their offer. These, and the looks of affection, the possessive looks, and murmurs of *notre soldat* with which he was recommended to the later comers, these were his recompense. They were friends all; perhaps the greater for the fact that they could not argue or discuss!

The peasants questioned me about him. In their grateful affection they who had known him so long were anxious to know a little more about him. Hesitatingly I sought the information for them. Bob did not pander to the inquisitive. He was not surly, but he gave one the impression that it did not enter his head that anyone could take an interest in him for his own sake. He came from Manchester, he vouchsafed me, but it was seven years since he had seen his home. A regular, he had come to the front direct from India and had never had any leave. I asked him how that occurred.

'Never asked for any. Bain't so strook on leave,' he said.

That seemed horribly final, but I made another attempt to fathom this strange man.

'Ah, you've been away from home so long I expect you have lost touch with the people there. Your friends will be elsewhere. You are not married?'

Bob Hutchins looked at me a second as if weighing me up. Then he laid down his saw and went inside the shack on which we were working. He fumbled in the pocket of his tunic, and in a moment, brought out a card which he handed to me. On it was a photograph of a woman and two children.

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'Them 's my kiddies and the missus,' he remarked. 'The nipper was in long clothes when I see him last, and the gal joost runnin' about. I'll bide till this show 's over now, I guess. It was bad enough when I went to Injia. I've never asked for a leave this turn because — because of having to come back!'

To his commandant, Bob Hutchins was probably an unsatisfactory soldier. His appearance would not be a credit to any corps, and he frequently slept when on duty, I gather. You yourself might have considered him a slovenly example of the British army, and one most lacking in manners. All this is true. Yet in spite of it all, to us, and to the little groups of French folk creeping back one by one to the sites of their one-time homes, he is a hero — the hero of Punchy!

[*To-day*]

## FRENCH CAFÉS AND FRENCH POETRY

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

If one were to try to translate café into English, the effect would not be altogether happy. In spite of G. K. Chesterton, who sings so lustily of his mug of ale, the public house now evokes memories that are anything but poetic, and even the old English hostelry and the country inn have lost their associations of other days. But in France the café remains a place in which Sir Walter Scott would be well content to take his ease, and where Addison and Steele and the wits of the age of Anne would be quite respectably installed.

Even so modern and estimable a poet as Tennyson was bold enough to immortalize a waiter; while one Fleet Street tavern is a shrine for American admirers of Dr. Johnson. Dickens reveled in the jolly atmosphere of the public house; but in spite of them all, the cold reality is that the present-day drinking establishment is a repulsive place, and does not present itself in the light of a literary parlor.

Yet in France the café is recognized as the natural meeting place of writers. 'The poet in the café' has nothing that is shocking in its sound. All ranks of society can encounter each other at the little tables without a thought of shame. Half the business of Paris is conducted at the café: the young man-about-town idles his afternoons away sitting in the public view on the café terrace watching the panorama of the boulevard endlessly unroll itself. And it is not, therefore, surprising that much of the best in French literature has been born in the café.

From Villon to Paul Fort, the French poets have loved the café, have sought companionship and inspiration in the café. Perhaps one ought not to insist upon the example of Maître François Villon, thief, murderer, and sweet singer; for he frequented the lowest pot houses and his friends were, for the most part, starvelings and cut-throats. It would be folly to pretend that his genius was helped by his haunts and his acquaintances, for it might have shone in another fashion; yet such as he is, the poet of pity, he was shaped by his *milieu*. But Villon is an exception: the poet of the café, as distinct from the vulgar cabaret, has enriched French literature in every age, and never more than to-day.

The case of Verlaine, another vagabond poet, is also not too fortunate, if one would show how eminently proper an institution is the café; for he, like his prototype, lived miserably. He drank deeply of the deadly absinthe, wandered from hospital to prison, and from prison to hospital, where he died, poor, lonely, pathetic. Yet nobody,

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even only cursorily interested in French poetry, would permit me to leave out 'poor Lelian,' one of the most lyrical of singers, who trailed a crowd of admirers from café to café — admirers now including some who bore the brightest names of modern times, and again including the rag-tag and bobtail of nondescript society — who wearied his best friends by his shiftlessness and disgusted his own disciples by his debauches, and yet remained somehow lovable in spite of his faults.

What I rather wish to show is that the café is quite an habitual and conventional rendezvous of the writer, young or old, man or woman, who preserves his dignity and decency, who has not the vices of Villon nor of Verlaine, who seeks not the stimulus of strong drink and unpleasant comrades, but merely happy communion, intellectual conversation, encouragement, and coöperation and the sympathy of his fellow craftsmen.

It would be wrong to single out a single café. There are so many of them which are recognized centres. In the Quartier Latin the 'Vachette' a little while before the war was the nightly resort of Faguet, the celebrated critic and essayist, whose table was always surrounded by a swarm of young poets who sought his advice and his aid. He was not perhaps so good as a talker as he was as a writer; but, nevertheless, his café discourses will be long remembered by all who were privileged to hear them. His shrewd observations, his balanced judgments, his receptivity to all the new ideas of the youthful aspirants, his understanding of tendencies of which he could not approve, but toward which he showed an eclectic indulgence, made him a veritable literary king holding his court in a café.

He was professor at the Sorbonne, and thus naturally came into contact with all the young life of the Quartier. But François Coppée, whose delicate poems many in these last few years have found too sentimental, but whose charming *contes* are, in the literal sense of that much misused word, inimitable, was a devotee of the café who went there to find only his own friends. He was famous, well-to-do, but he preferred to wander away from his own fireside, and to encounter in this public place, at the end of his day's work, his acquaintances; to chat and drink with them, and to forget the cares of authorship. When he died the proprietor of his favorite resort christened his café in honor of Coppée by the name of the poet.

To-day I have most in mind the café at Montparnasse which is known by the picturesque name of 'La Closerie des Lilas.' There one is sure to encounter men, known or unknown, who are trying to express themselves in the arts, and particularly in the writing art. It is, above all, the café of Paul Fort. Some years ago a number of newspapers invited their readers to vote for the Frenchman who in their opinion best deserved the title of Prince of Poets.

There is not, as in England, an official Poet Laureate; but public opinion — the opinion, of course, of a limited public — confers the crown of Prince upon the poet who is regarded as superior to his contemporaries. After Stéphane Mallarmé came Léon Dierx, who wrote little but whose relations with writers who believed in his genius caused him to be hailed as the 'Prince of us all.' Not long after he died, with surprising unanimity, Paul Fort, whose *Ballades Françaises* contain some of the most charming and original work of this or the previous generation, was chosen, with the warm approval of Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Pierre Louys, Henri de Regnier, Léon

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Bakst, and Victor Margueritte, to mention but a few of the artists who showered their tributes upon him.

He is essentially the poet in the café. He can be seen among the groups of poets, not only French but from every country in Europe, passing an agreeable evening, that is often a fount of inspiration, on the leather settee, at the marble table. No one more enthusiastically than he has defended the poet in the café.

For there came a moment of literary snobbery when it was the fashion of the critics to divide writers into two sections: the poets of the café and the poets of the salon. In a memorable declaration he asserted that a poet was a poet, without need of qualification; and he inveighed against this disdain which was really surprising in a country where Racine and La Fontaine, Voltaire and Diderot, were habitués of the café.

Those who may more properly be regarded as disciples — eager to profit by the experience and wisdom of their elders — are numerous. But these obscurer men must not be regarded as mere imitators: on the contrary, they have a fierce independence of spirit — so fierce that they will sacrifice their scanty coin to launch a manifesto, to publish a declaration of artistic faith, or to start a review. I am acquainted with one young man, whose name is known by everybody who has studied modern French poetry, who starved — until somebody got him a post as teacher. Yet he really is of considerable merit and is profoundly original.

Thus, when I received a quaintly worded invitation to meet at a café all those writers 'whom the war, and the influenza had spared,' I hastened to respond; and quickly found myself in the midst of young Frenchmen and Frenchwomen,— together with a sprinkling of poets who write in other tongues,— their heads together over the little tables, discussing, planning, comparing notes, full of hope and of fine faith in the future. The five years have gone as a tale that is told; and they take up their literary life where they left it — although perhaps with minds enriched — anxious to blot out bitter memories, to turn hopefully to the sunshine. There is a stirring of dry bones, a quickening and a blossoming, and the intellectual rebirth of France is largely being accomplished in a café.

[*The Bookman*]

## MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE AND HIS WORK

BY LOUIS J. McQUILLAND

WHATEVER the political and religious prejudices of Ulster, its fiction and drama have for some fifteen years past given evidence of a spirit which rises over party bickerings. The Ulster Literary Theatre was instituted in Belfast in 1904 with a poetic drama, *Brian of Banba*, by Bulmer Hobson, and a satire on municipal politics, *The Reformer*, by Lewis Purcell. It was at this time that the magazine *Uladh* appeared which contained plays from the repertoire of the theatre, such as *The Little Cowherd of Slainge*, a dramatic legend by Joseph Campbell. Hobson and Purcell were members of the Belfast Protestant Nationalist Society, and Joseph Campbell was a Roman Catholic poet.

Purcell's next play, *The Enthusiasts*, was more ambitious in its scope than *The Reformers*. It was followed, in 1906, on the stage, by *The Pagan*, an adventurous attempt to build a comedy round the conflicts between Christians and pagans in the Ireland of the sixteenth century. In the same year appeared Mr. Rutherford

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Mayne's serious comedy, *The Turn of the Road*. In the direction of farce, the Ulster Literary Theatre produced Gerald MacNamara's delicious extravaganza, *Thompson in Tir-na-n'Og*, being the adventures of an Orangeman in the Celtic fairyland, and *When the Mist Does Be on the Bog*, an irresistible travesty on Synge.

Later came Rutherford Mayne's *The Drone*, and *Red Turf*, racy of the soil. In Ulster Rutherford Mayne is still considered its leading playwright, but Mr. St. John Ervine, another native of the northeast corner, has gained the plaudits of England and America, especially with *John Ferguson*, which has aroused the United States to enthusiasm. Before dealing with this play or any other work of St. John Ervine's, I think it well to begin at the beginning, and tell of his career.

The most successful playwright and novelist Ulster has produced in our time was born in Belfast in 1883. His father was a printer from whom he inherited a love of literature. He was an omnivorous reader from infancy, and began to write at a precociously youthful age. At the age of seventeen he left the Ulster capital and came to the English one. He obtained work in an insurance company, but filled in all his spare hours with writing. In course of time he became a contributor to the *Daily News*, the *Manchester Guardian* and the *Nation*. Like all Irishmen, he has been unable to escape a deep preoccupation with politics, and that preoccupation is seen in all his work.

In his salad days, St. John Ervine was a member of that famous debating centre, the West London Parliament, and discussed all the questions of the day. He sat at that time on the Socialist benches. There was no distinctive Irish group in the society. The keen young men with whom he sat were members of the Fabian nursery, who respected the Webbs, admired Wells, enjoyed Chesterton, and worshiped George Bernard Shaw. At that time Ervine looked much as he does to-day, slightly built, with fair, curly hair and a somewhat reserved manner. He had no Celtic fervor in his speeches, but was a close reasoner, with crisp, succinct arguments to back up whatever advanced or lost cause he was battling for. I have not the faintest doubt that the loosening of his tongue caused by these discussions and the necessity for compression in the speeches according to the rules of debate were factors in his success as a novelist and playwright. Mr. Ervine was married when he was twenty-eight.

His first play was *The Magnanimous Lover*, which Mr. William Butler Yeats thought highly of. He called it 'a piece of wayward realism.' Mr. Ervine has no illusions about that play, which he has since termed 'a crude and violent thing.' His second play was *Mixed Marriage* (produced before *The Magnanimous Lover*). He loves it most of his plays, though he admits it was 'a clumsily contrived thing.' It will be noticed that Mr. Ervine is his own severest critic.

The next play was *Jane Clegg*, done by Miss Horniman at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester; and then came *John Ferguson* which was first performed at the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and was afterwards put on for a week at the Repertory Theatre, Liverpool. During the performance there, the player who took the name-part fell sick at the end of the first act. A brief panic ensued, in the midst of which Ervine was suddenly hauled out of the bar of the theatre, thrust into the actor's clothes, hurriedly 'made-up,' and sent on to the stage to play the part of John Ferguson, although, surprising to relate, he did not remember a word of it. He played the part three

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times and became astonishingly ingenious in hiding the book of the play. This piece, *John Ferguson*, has an odd history. It was written in the three months immediately succeeding the outbreak of war, and offered to the Abbey Theatre. The author made conditions as to its production which Yeats refused to concede. Ervine was very angry about this refusal, which, with his usual magnanimity, he now considers was justified; and he withdrew the play from the Abbey.

In the course of conversation Ervine told me of his surprise when one night Sir George Alexander rang him up, and asked if he had a play that he could produce at once. 'I said "No,"' explained Ervine, 'but that I'd like him to read *John Ferguson*. I sent it to him, and he liked it so much that he proposed to do it at the St. James's with himself in the title rôle. You can imagine that suave and charming actor as a rough Ulster farmer!' On second thoughts Sir George withdrew his offer because the play was a tragedy, and he did not think that a gloomy play would draw audiences in war time. In its place he produced three 'popular' pieces, one after the other, all of which were financial failures. Then the play remained dormant until Yeats asked Ervine to become manager of the Abbey Theatre for a couple of months until he could find someone to take the place of the previous manager.

Ervine went over to Dublin, produced his play, and remained at the Abbey for eight months. It was a period of excursions and alarums and many pitched battles. Mr. Ervine was too drastic in his methods for the easy-going Irish players. His initial handicap was that he was an Ulsterman. The Dubliners despise Belfast men as Philistines and hustlers; the Belfast men despise the Dubliners as talkers and dreamers. This is not a conflict of theological and political outcome. In Ireland, as in every other country, there is a sharp dividing line in the temperament of the North and the South. In any event, however, even a Leinster archangel could not have established peace in the Abbey Theatre. I have met its principal players. They are clever, witty, charming, and delightful, but they are full of artistic jealousies. The same of course applies to the distinguished *illuminati* of the Comédie Française.

At the end of eight months of trial Ervine returned to England, wrote his most ambitious novel, *Changing Winds*, and enlisted in the Household Battalion. *John Ferguson* appeared to have petered out, so far as the theatre was concerned. Then an unexpected thrill came.

'I was living in Devonshire at a fishing village called Beer (the scene of much of *Changing Winds*),' said Ervine to the present writer, 'when I received a telegram from New York asking for permission to produce *John Ferguson* at the Garrick Theatre in that city. The war was then over. I agreed to the Theatre Guild people doing the play, and expected to hear in due course that it had been a financial failure, and that the total amount of royalties due to me was one shilling and ninepence. Instead of this, the play was an enormous success. It ran through the hot weather, and was performed for twenty-five weeks in New York, and there are now two companies on tour in America with it. It is to be produced by Nigel Playfair and Arnold Bennett at the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, when *Abraham Lincoln* at last consents to withdraw.'

During the war, Ervine, after serving as a trooper in the Household Cavalry, saw service in France as an officer in the Dublin Fusiliers from



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October, 1917, to May, 1918, when he was badly wounded, the result being the loss of a leg — but not of his style.

For a paper like the *Bookman*, Mr. Ervine's first claim is as a novelist. He has written the best Ulster novel in dialect I have yet encountered in *Mrs. Martin's Man*. As an exile from the northeast corner, I know the types he describes, and can vouch for their truth. Dialect is often a wearisome business, but St. John Ervine has made it subsidiary to his characterization. It occurs to one that this could be their only method of expression If Anglicized the talk in *Mrs. Martin's Man* would lose all its 'tang,' and very much of its force. The novel shows intense powers of observation, and the keenest psychological analysis.

The story is that of a strong, simple woman with a hopelessly bad husband, a drunkard and a philanderer. She bears with him, even when he is unbearable, and is relieved when he forsakes her, even though her sister betrays her. Her boy grows up intolerant of his mother, and her womenkind take the same line, despising her weakness. They are all 'set upon' themselves. In Mrs. Martin, however, there are great reserves of strength, and the time comes when she puts down her foot and rules her own household on her craven husband's return. She resents most of all the selfish conceit of her son, who has tried to rule the roost and dominate his mother. Mrs. Martin speaks:

'Your da's drunk,' she said to Jamesy. 'Well, who's hurt the most by that? Not you, not Aggie, not Esther, but me. I'm hurt, not you. But you're not thinkin' of me, none of you! You're thinkin' of yourself. . . . Yes, you are, Jamesy. An' what am I thinkin' of? Aye, indeed, I'd be the poor woman if I was to wander about thinkin' of my troubles an' my pride, an' how I was hurt by this one an' that one. I'm too ould to be hatin' people, Jamesy.

'All of yous orderin', orderin', orderin', and never askin' my leave. Well, there'll be an end of that, Master James, and your da'll know it, too, when he's sober. I'm the master in my family, an' it's me that decides what's to be done in my house, not you, or your da, or no one. . . .'

This sounds like low comedy, but it is the strong finish to a squalid tragedy, in which the only cleansing influence is heart-scalded (an Ulsterism) Mrs. Martin.

*Changing Winds* is a mighty good novel about Ulster, but in spite of its strength and vigor, it is not as good a novel as Mr. John Heron Lepper's *The Northeast Corner*, which deals with the history of two Ulster families about a generation after the Act of Union, and carries on the narrative from the childhood of its characters to their old age. Mr. Lepper's book is a surer study because he keeps to the Ulster soil. In Mr. Ervine's *Changing Winds*, which was a contemporary novel, the interest kept shifting between Ireland and England, and the effect was somewhat jerky. *Changing Winds*, however, is a quite remarkable book, the work of a thoughtful, earnest artist, who has steadfastly declined to pander to the taste for 'stage Irishmen,' which has spoiled many good writers, and has utterly undone Mr. George Birmingham as a lasting influence on Irish literature.

I do not like Mr. Ervine's Cockney stories, though they have many admirers. I do not think it is possible for any Irishman to give a phonetic rendering of the speech of Bermondsey or the New Cut. The Ulsterman especially has little faculty for picking up a patois or a dialect as he has the rough emphatic tones of the Scotch — that is, if he is within the Belfast ambit. Ervine's *Alice and a Family* had a marked success. It was clever and witty and sentimental — above everything else sentimental — but sentimentality is not his metier In *Eight O'Clock and Other Studies*, a volume of

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short stories where the Irish dialect of Donegal is contrasted with that of South London, the contrast showed the inherent strength of the Irish medium, and the inherent weakness of the Cockney one.

I fear that Ervine will become so popular as a playwright that he may not have time for fiction; but if he does make leisure in his busy life for novels, he will be doing an immense service to his native province in continuing to present it in its verity to English readers. Mr. W. W. Jacobs, Mr. Pett Ridge, and Mr. Edwin Pugh will turn out as many living Cockneys as are desired.

One of the strongest of Ervine's early plays is *Mixed Marriage*. It is a wonderful contribution to the proper understanding of the sectional bitterness of the Northern Province. Old John Rainey, a stanch Belfast Protestant, is at heart a sound democrat. He dislikes Roman Catholics; but he dislikes equally the oppression of men, whatever the creeds concerned. Michael O'Hara, a Roman Catholic, asks for Rainey's help in a strike, and has practically persuaded him to the speech that will bind Orangeman and Papist together for fair wages and decent hours. Before Rainey sets out to convert his fellow Orangemen to his views, he sees his son making love to a Roman Catholic girl, Nora Murray. He declines to make the crucial speech unless his boy, Hughie, gives up Nora, but the young couple will not hear of separation. Rainey's old hatred of Catholicism is revived by this attempted introduction of one of the hated creed into his family; and at the meeting of strikers he denounces the Papists virulently. As a result sectarian riots follow. The military are called in, and Nora, who has become Hughie's wife, is shot dead. The play ends on this note of pitiful tragedy.

The play *Jane Clegg* has just such another theme as *Mrs. Martin's Man*. Jane Clegg is the strongest character in it. She, too, triumphs over a worthless husband. In this play the sex problem is handled with extraordinary frankness. *John Ferguson* is the best thing Mr. Ervine has done as a dramatist. It embodies all his best qualities — sound construction, living dialogue, and that clash of individualities and temperaments which is the true essence of all drama. John Ferguson, sickly, a mystic, and finding his only hope in life in the Bible, endeavors to mould his family into his interpretation of the Book which he so constantly studies. Sarah Ferguson, his wife, has tenderness in her Christianity, but never attempts to controvert her husband's harsh views.

Their daughter, Hannah, is a fine girl of twenty who possesses some of the good gifts of each parent. There is a mortgage on John Ferguson's farm, held by a grasping bully and sensualist, Henry Witherow. Hannah promises to marry Witherow if he will let the mortgage go; and then she repents of her agreement. She goes to intercede with the man, and returns home in a distracted condition. In her own words, Witherow has 'harmed her.' Shortly after this Witherow is shot. James Cæsar, a petty creature, who has desired to marry Hannah in spite of her loathing for him, is arrested for the murder. The real culprit, however, is John Ferguson's son Andrew. John struggles hard between his humanity as a father and his rig'd Biblical judgment. The latter prevails, and it is with his wish that his son delivers himself up to the authorities. The play ends with John Ferguson reading, as he has done earlier in the play, the passage from Samuel, and David's lament: 'Would God I had died for thee, Absolom, my son . . . my son.'

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*John Ferguson* is a fitting successor to *Abraham Lincoln*. All of us who regard literature with reverence will see Mr. St. John Ervine's dramatic masterpiece at the Lyric Theatre. As an Ulsterman, and one with a different creed, and perhaps somewhat different political convictions, I am very proud of Ervine's success. He has worked hard for it.

[*Translated from the Anglo-French Review*]

# WHICH EXPLAINS WHY MAGISTRATE PINCHENOT GREW THIN

BY HENRI DE FORGE

I ENCOUNTERED yesterday at a banquet Magistrate Pinchenot, or rather the shadow of Magistrate Pinchenot, for the honorable judge had grown thinner, yellower, and older than any other sustainer of the law's majesty in our little country town. And when I saw him after the dinner, wandering about harassed and ill at ease, I took advantage of our long established intimacy, and inquired about his respectable health.

Perhaps because he was somewhat bored by the *soireé*, he burst out:

'My life is completely ruined, Monsieur, completely ruined by an individual who has persistently, obstinately invaded it.'

And Magistrate Pinchenot shook his old head gravely.

'Who has dared?' I began, now quite ill at ease. 'A rascally relation, perhaps? A needy friend? A blackmailer?'

'Worse than that . . . a man whom I convicted.'

'Ah! I understand, a matter of rancune. You have had to be severe, and the man is eager for revenge. But as long as there are policemen, you need not have the slightest . . .

'Alas, my friend — the man was not a violent creature. Quite on the contrary, he was a placid fellow, and a damnably logical one, too. But listen closely.

'This man is called Legru — Victor Legru. I sentenced him to a month's imprisonment for having assaulted his foreman. Whether he had been drinking or whether there was bad blood between the two I do not know, but the fact was that he assaulted the foreman.

'Ah! how I have regretted that assault!

'Can you imagine what happened exactly a month later? Just as I was finishing a quiet luncheon in the bosom of my family, the servant announced that someone wished to see me, a someone who insisted that he would not leave unless I consented to see him.

'I got up from the table, somewhat irritated as you may well imagine, to find whom? — Legru, just out of jail, cleanly shaven, neat, and polite. Said he, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Magistrate, but after all it was you who put me in the jug, and saving your respect, I find myself . . ."

'"Come now," I answered, "It's

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all your own fault. You had no business beating the foreman."

'"That is your opinion, sir, it is n't mine. I did your thirty days for it, and doing time is no fun during this cold weather. Now that I have paid my debt, I must say that I think the tap I gave the foreman was well deserved. Yes, I have the right to say; I've squared the account. But now between you and me there is, as one might say . . . a little tie, is n't there? Oh, I'm not holding it against you. It is your business to hand around these little vacations. I don't think that personally you would harm a fly. But, well, you can't leave me like this . . . in these circumstances . . . when it is because of you that I . . ."

'"I know, I know," I replied, already bored with the ridiculous situation. You see that what Legru said was, after all, not illogical. I had intervened in his life in a most calamitous fashion. With that prison sentence on his record the fellow could not get work. He was perhaps on the road to being an out and out vagabond. What a responsibility, Good Heavens!

'While pausing to think the matter over, I sent him to the kitchen to have something to eat. Alas, for my good will! Legru explained the whole business to our sympathetic cook. Had we been childhood friends Legru could not have made himself more completely at home. What could I do? Be angry? Legru was polite, ah! so polite.

'He went away, the animal, on'y to return the next morning just to wish me good day. I was "his magistrate," he was "my prisoner." It created an intimacy, you see.

'Well, Monsieur, that intimacy was to last, to develop into an obsession, an exasperation! That Legru was to become for me a nightmare. And he was always so disconcertingly polite, so logical. Ah!

'If I should tell you that every morning I saw his face glued to my window. If I were to tell you that he came to every sitting of my court and sat in the front row. If I were to tell you that at all family ceremonies, marriages, and funerals, Legru walked at the head of the procession in his Sunday clothes. And when he passed me, he had the audacity to clasp my hand, to kiss it even — he did this at my mother-in-law s funeral, and said that we were too closely tied for him to be indifferent . . . Ah!

'The rascal found his way into every highway and byway of my life. And when I bade him go:

'"Do not be angry — my magistrate," he answered, "I owe you all — all that I have not. I know it was not entirely your fault, but after what you have done to me; well."

'So I gave him my old trousers and my old hats. And finally Legru, who was of my age and figure, became my very shadow.

'He knew a thing or two, the fellow. He even made a list of my family anniversaries. Our intimacy, you see. A hundred times over, I have been on the point of throwing him out, a hundred times over, he has fixed his big round eyes on me which seem to say — you just can't do that to *me*, my magistrate.

'So we lived like that. Legru had no fixed occupation. He could n t get one with that month of prison behind him. He did odd jobs. I employed him frequently. He sawed the wood — bottled my wine. He spoke of me as an old comrade. He even borrowed money.

'And thus the years passed. I grew accustomed to Legru, to his absurd presence in my life. He was so punctual, so logical. There were times when

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his continual presence made me doubt my standing as a magistrate, the justice of men, my very self. I asked myself if Legru's intrusion was not a visitation of Providence, for the foreman whom he had assaulted might have well deserved his beating, and I was in the wrong in condemning him and upsetting his life.

'It has shaken me, all this. I find no satisfaction in contemplating my career as a magistrate. I have vegetated, have not sought preferment. Why should I do so? To escape Legru? He would have followed me.

'There were times when I thought of taking him on as a domestic. But he had succumbed to the laziness which attacks those who leave prison. And to see him eternally at hand would have driven me crazy.

'There, dear friend, is the explanation of the unhappy state in which you find me. However, I am soon to retire. I have really decided . . .'

'But Legru?' I questioned.

The old magistrate stammered.

'That's just it. He's dead. And I know you will think this foolish, but —— but I miss him terribly.'

[*The Times*]

## CHRISTIANITY AND M. LOISY

Richard Rothe said, 'The ancient world built up the Catholic Church on the foundation of the Gospel, but in doing so it built itself bankrupt.' Pagan philosophy and religious institutions, imperial law and organization made their contribution to the doctrine, the government, the Sacraments of Catholicism. The ancient world lived on in new forms and on a new basis. This basis was the Gospel, a point not always sufficiently emphasized when Rothe's dictum has been under discussion. The sentence is one of Harnack's favorite quotations; it might almost be taken as the motto for much of his *History of Dogma*. It is clear that a problem will arise touching the relation of foundation to superstructure; and Harnack complains that his critics have too often described his views as if he had ignored the basis in his description of the fabric.

But there is a further problem, perhaps even more important, and that is the definition of the Gospel, a matter on which his critics have also something to say. Is the Gospel limited to the teaching of the Founder or are we at liberty to reconstruct it from the New Testament as a whole? In popular usage it is notorious that the term has been specialized for what used to be called the plan of salvation; and the Epistles, rather than the Synoptic Gospels, were the documents from which it was mainly derived. It is significant that it was just this presentation of Christianity which was commonly described as Evangelical. One of the constant objections to it was that it originated with Paul and had no warrant in the teaching of Jesus. But even if the fact were granted, the inference that the doctrine was an illegitimate intrusion would still remain for discussion.

The question is, indeed, a larger one; for the science of Biblical theology has disclosed the co-existence in the New

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Testament not of two types of theology but of several; and it would be premature to decide offhand that the Gospel must be derived exclusively from the teaching of Jesus, or to take it for granted that these different types could not be combined in a higher unity, to which the name of Christianity might be legitimately given. Nor, if we restricted the Gospel to the teaching of Jesus, would our definition of it be a simple matter. For even if we dismissed the Fourth Gospel as irrelevant, we should still have problems enough on our hands. It is very widely held that Mark is our earliest Gospel and that it has been used in the composition of Matthew and Luke. It is also held, not indeed so widely but by a large majority of scholars, that the First and Third Gospels also drew on a lost collection of sayings and addresses of Jesus. But it is not agreed whether this document and Mark were mutually independent, or, if not, what was the relation between them.

The question is also raised whether when we have disengaged our earliest sources, these also have to be analyzed into earlier and later strata. And the ultimate issue has still to be faced, whether with any confidence we can reconstruct from our documents the career and teaching of the Founder. And even if we are assured that we have reached results which stand immovably sure, and others to which a high degree of probability can be assigned, we have still the problem of interpretation. Experts are divided, not simply on details but on fundamentals. They are not agreed as to the view which Jesus took of the Kingdom of God, of His own position in it, of His person, His mission, His death, or on the relation in which the ethical and eschatological elements in His outlook and teaching stood to each other.

On these problems, alike in their critical, their historical, and their theological bearing, M. Loisy has written much, notably in his elaborate and rather prolix commentaries on the Gospels, in his *L'Evangile et l'Eglise*, and the books which he published in consequence of the controversy it aroused. His prolonged critical studies led him to results of a very negative kind. He was the most eminent French Modernist, and, circumstances being what they were, his career in his own church could have ended only in excommunication. On the merits of the case it would be unbecoming to pronounce. But M. Loisy's combination of a very negative criticism with an uncompromising defense of the Roman system naturally could not commend itself to any Christian for whom Christianity was indissolubly associated with a series of historical events and stood or fell with acceptance of the traditional Christology. Since his deposition from the priesthood and expulsion from the Church the real logic of his position has found its clear expression.

His latest book* deals with several of the problems which have been enumerated. With some of them it deals, it is true, in a cursory way; but that is because in his earlier works, notably those on the Fourth Gospel and the Synoptic Gospels, he has discussed them at length. On others he has not published to any extent before, except in articles. The book was almost entirely printed before the outbreak of war. An interesting token that it is born, to use his own expression, five years old, is to be found in the fact that, while the title page bears the date 1914, the reproduction of it on the cover gives it as 1919. A few notes are added to bring it down to

* *Les Mystères Païens et Le Mystère Chrétien.* By Alfred Loisy. Paris: Emile Nourry. 10 francs.

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date; but these might well have been extended, and some surprising omissions in the bibliographies might have been made good. We may mention in particular the absence of Professor Lake's *The Earlier Epistles of St. Paul* and Professor H. A. A. Kennedy's *St. Paul and the Mystery Religions*, our foremost discussion of the subject.

As the title indicates, the book deals not only with Christianity but with heathen mysteries. Those here described and discussed are the mysteries of Dionysus and Orpheus, the Eleusinian mysteries, the mysteries of Cybele and Attis, of Isis and Osiris, and Mithraism. A general discussion is prefixed on national religions and mystery cults. The mystery religions are characterized by the guaranty of a blessed immortality which they give to their initiates. The votaries are united with the deity who has been slain and restored to life. This union is effected by rites of a secret character. While a man is born into a national religion, he is initiated into the mystery religions of his own free will and by favor of the deity. The rite is one of purification but also of vision, the spectacle repeating in a divine drama the experience of the god. Yet the initiates are not mere spectators of the drama. They are actors in it; they share in the death and resurrection of the god, and thus participate in his immortality. Since the efficacy of the rites rests on the divine fact related in the myth, the initiate is justified by faith in the savior-god, entering through the rite into fellowship with his earthly sorrows and his heavenly bliss. But the rite precedes the myth; the divine fact regarded as the basis of the faith never actually occurs; it is due to the conjecture and creation of the faith itself.

In what relation, then, do the mystery cults stand to the national religions? They differ from the latter in their concentration on the individual, on inward emotions, on theology, and ethics. The process of transformation is obscure, even in the case of Christianity, and is necessarily much more obscure in the case of the other religions. It is clear, however, on the one hand, that they do not arise by spontaneous generation and are not an absolute novelty; on the other hand, they do not stand in direct immediate sequence to the state religions from which they spring. Their relation to these religions is not simple but complex. Space, unfortunately, will not permit us to follow M. Loisy in his learned and interesting examination of the pagan mysteries. We must turn to his treatment of Early Christianity, in which the questions raised are not merely of academic and historical interest, but momentous in their character and far-reaching in the issues they raise. His position will be stated as fully as space permits, and often in his own words.

The Gospel proclaimed by Jesus was not a mystery religion. But it was as a mystery religion that Christianity conquered the Mediterranean world. The transformation was not made by the original Apostles, though they preached the risen Messiah; yet the Christian mystery came to birth while the memory of Jesus was still fresh, since it was His contemporary, Paul of Tarsus, who was its chief apostle. Jesus remained within the old religion and proclaimed the accomplishment of Israel's hope. Paul broke with Judaism; the Christianity he preached was a new religion. The problem is to account for a transformation so radical, so utterly remote from the intention of the Founder. It was not effected by intentional borrowing from pagan mysteries nor by the slow infil-

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tration of their ideas and customs into Jewish Christianity.

In his attempt to solve the problem, M. Loisy sketches briefly the career of Jesus, summarizing the results reached through the elaborate investigations in his earlier works. For him Jesus is a prophet, like John the Baptist, who preached Divine judgment and the need of repentance, but looked forward to a state of blessedness on earth for the Jewish people in which He would be invested with supreme authority in the Kingdom of God as the Messiah. He went to Jerusalem, aware of the risks He ran, reckoning with death as a possibility, but hoping that God would spare Him that supreme trial. Yet even if it came, He was confident that God would not abandon Him; He would rise from the dead and come to reign as Messiah.

A generous soul, an enthusiastic dreamer, limited in horizon to Israel, the victim of a fantastic illusion, He died for the phantom of a Kingdom of God to be realized on earth, which never came and which never will come. But from His tomb the Christian Church arose. For His followers believing Him to be the Messiah attained in Galilee the conviction that He had risen, a conviction buttressed at a later period by the fiction of the empty tomb, in connection with which the belief grew up that the resurrection took place on Easter Sunday. But it was neither the Gospel of Jesus nor the proclamation by His disciples of the Risen One that gained the victory. For the connection with Judaism was too close for the Gentiles ever to have received it; left to develop along its original lines, the movement would have collapsed within a generation. From this fate it was saved by its transformation into a mystery religion.

It was to Paul beyond all others that this transformation was due. Others, no doubt, shared in the work, but he is the representative personality and much the most important. The Gospel as he preached it has the features of a mystery. The call to salvation is apprehended in it as in the theology and practice of certain pagan mysteries; recruits are enlisted without any distinction of nationality; the principle of salvation is faith in a redemption, in a myth of sacrifice, in the perpetual efficacy of a Divine death and the participation in the very spirit of a Divine Redeemer; baptism has become a rite of initiation, the Lord's Supper a rite for initiates, and by both is realized the possession of the Spirit, the identification of the faithful with the Saviour Christ, by means of which, as in the mysteries, a happy immortality is guaranteed.

The Christ whom Paul proclaimed is not the Christ of the primitive community. He repudiates all interest in this Christ after the flesh — in other words, Jesus as He really was. His conception of His person as that of a Heavenly Being who, like the gods of mythology, became man by metamorphosis is itself purely mythological. His theory of salvation is a myth, and the complex of ideas which it contains is logically not much better constructed than the myths of Osiris and Attis. But if salvation came in this way, the law was clearly superfluous; and Paul, on becoming a Christian, drew the inference that it was abrogated. Salvation, as he understood it, could be obtained only by faith in the myth of redemption and by the mystical assimilation of the believer to the Saviour who alone was qualified to initiate His followers into immortality. The basis of his Christianity is clearly expressed in his own words, 'It is no longer I who live, it is Christ who lives in me.' This is one of the essential points which affiliate Christianity to

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the mysteries and differentiate it from Judaism and the Gospel preached by Jesus.

But how are we to explain a transformation so radical and so swift? Judaism did not suggest the elements of the theory. It knew the expiatory value attached to the sufferings of the righteous. But Paul is not concerned with the moral value of expiation. He lays the stress on a mystical virtue inherent in the death of a divine human being, who, in virtue of His double nature and His representative character, takes away in His death the sin of mankind and raises with Him into glory the humanity He has thus redeemed. Judaism neither knew nor could know any tradition of this kind. It is the pagan myth of the sacrificed god as we find it in the Mysteries of Dionysus. And similarly Paul did not derive the myth from Jesus or from His disciples. He emphatically claimed independence for his Gospel. He receives it not by tradition, but by revelation. Christ was at once its author and its object when, in suddenly apprehending the persecutor of His followers, He flooded his soul with light. His Gospel drew its mythical character from a pagan source. This was not Greek philosophy, to which he apparently attached little importance, because he knew little of it.

But he was better acquainted with the religious doctrines of paganism, especially those of the mystery religions. For he had grown up in an environment in which he must have become familiar with the leading ideas. Indeed, it is not too fanciful to imagine that he had worked among the Gentiles as an apostle of Judaism before he became a Christian. And thus in discussion he had learned to understand the mystery cults more intimately, while he realized how inaccessible to Jewish propaganda the Gentiles were. M. Loisy entirely dissents from Reitzenstein's view that Paul had not simply read, but studied, the Hellenistic religious literature. He thinks that he probably paid little attention to these religions, which from first to last he regarded as doctrines, of demons revealed by the demons to the adepts. He would not feel curiosity enough about them to study them.

Such appropriation of the technical terms as we find need not have been derived from books, and he nowhere exhibits special knowledge of any pagan cult. Yet, like other Jews, especially those of the Dispersion, he came into contact with paganism in his everyday life, he became familiar with its spirit, and, without realizing it, was unconsciously penetrated by it. One of his most prominent characteristics was a singular aptitude to appropriate the ideas which he opposed. Thus, on his conversion, he was prepared to recognize in Christianity the true mystery of God, of which the pagan cults were but demoniacally inspired caricatures.

This was all the easier that the Christianity he knew and persecuted was not the religion of Jesus or the Apostles. It was the Gospel preached by propagandists in the Dispersion, not in its pure primitive form, but already somewhat tinged with Hellenism. What specially excited Paul's anger was the presentation to Gentiles of this form of Messianic Judaism. He would not have been so roused by the doctrines of Peter or James. His conversion was sudden, but not without unconscious preparation. This, however, had not been on the lines of any uneasiness as to his ability to achieve the righteousness of the law. It is entirely gratuitous to read his experience in the light of Luther's. His anxiety on the problem of salvation had not been of a personal character, it was

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bound up with the difficulties he encountered in his Jewish propaganda. His debates with the Christians profoundly agitated him. Their ideas combined with those he had learned from the pagans; and the question pressed upon him not so much whether Jesus was the Messiah as whether He might not be the Divine Victim chosen to effect the salvation of the world by dying for the sins of men.

Had Paul been in full possession of himself he would have said: 'No'; but this did not prevent a vision created by his disordered spirit from answering 'Yes.' The vision, of course, had no objective reality, and we cannot analyze its details; but physiological and psychological factors combined to create it. He believed Jesus had appeared to him; he felt himself in that moment called to be an apostle. He apprehended Him as the Divine Saviour preëxistent from eternity, Divinely predestined to the work of human redemption, whose death, followed by the Resurrection, attested that He was the Master of immortality. True, his faith rested on the immovable rock of Jewish monotheism, and his religion was not syncretistic. He adopted no foreign element as such into his religion; but he elaborated Christianity on the analogy of pagan conceptions, thus giving the Gospel the form it needed to spread and take root in the Græco-Roman world. And while his doctrine developed, especially in contrast with Judaism and in controversy with Jewish Christians, it could not undergo any essential transformation. And in particular he did not consciously adapt it to the standpoint of the heathen.

It was Christianity in this form which prevailed and survived, prevailed so effectively that Jewish Christianity, that is essentially the Christianity of Jesus, came to be treated by Greek Christianity as a heresy. It received in the Fourth Gospel a form much better balanced than Paul had given it. Thus the mystery was rounded out to perfection, and Christianity was well equipped to conquer the ancient world.

For we ought not to say, as is too often said, that the mystery changed the Gospel; it saved it rather by making it a universal religion. It enlarged the idea of God, it enlarged the conception of Christ, making of the Jewish Messiah the divine type of humanity, expanding the deliverer of Israel into the Saviour of the world. It moderated apocalyptic illusions and substituted for the phantom of a Messianic kingdom, restricted to Jews, a divine communion, realized in this life for the blessing of all believers, whoever they might be.

But, on the other hand, the mystery owed to the Gospel those elements which constituted its superiority to pagan history. Its monotheism and its conception of God were immeasurably superior, while the figure of Jesus was far more concrete and historical than that of the mystery deities, and His ethical teaching, at the level of which His own life had been lived, imparted a moral depth which would be sought in the rival religions in vain.

Such is M. Loisy's theory as to the origin of Christianity, stated largely in his own words. Naturally, much has been omitted, especially in the discussion of the Sacraments, but the main lines have, it is hoped, been faithfully reproduced with the necessary qualifications.

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# THE ARTS AND LETTERS

## 'THE YOUNG VISITERS' ON THE STAGE—A NEW BERLIN SUCCESS—FRENCH DRAMA IN AMERICA

LONDON reviews of the opening performance of Mr. George Norman's and Miss Margaret Mackenzie's dramatization of the immortal *Young Visiters* have just arrived. The production has been favorably received; we read that 'the house was in a ripple of laughter throughout the seventeen preposterous scenes,' and that 'the work gave the impression of being scrupulously faithful to the original. The scenery, by Mr. J. V. Bryant, done in a childlike vein was voted a particular success. The Victorian dresses and the Victorian music were also found very pleasing. To quote from the *Telegraph:*

'Miss Daisy Ashford has already captivated a section of the reading public with *The Young Visiters*, and, if the unusually warm reception given to the stage version of her book at the Court last night may be trusted, there is equal popularity awaiting that at the hands of playgoers. To appreciate the simple humors of the piece you must, of course, judge it from the standpoint of an imaginative little girl who has peopled a world of her own making with the most extraordinary characters. Of her perfect sincerity there can be no possible doubt, and it is in the same spirit of absolute seriousness that the play must be acted if success is to be achieved. Happily the artists entrusted with the exposition of her ideas realized to the full their responsibility, and while solemnity ruled on their side of the curtain, laughter uncontrolled prevailed on the other.

'The adapters have done their work skillfully, reproducing all the principal incidents to be found in the original. No fewer than seventeen scenes are required for the development of the story, but by dispensing with anything in the shape of elaborate "sets" the action is carried on without halt or pause. It is all of a primitive simplicity, but none the less highly effective. You start with Mr. Salteena and Miss Monticue partaking of breakfast and discussing the advisability of accepting Bernard Clark's invitation to pay him a visit. Presently a cab is requisitioned and off they go on their adventurous journey to Bernard's ancestral mansion. There they are received by their genial host, attired in plum-colored dinner jacket, ornate shirt, heavily ruffled, and striped trousers of a particularly striking description. Excellent fun comes of the introduction of his guests to the gallery of family portraits, among them that of a great uncle, reputed to be "a sinister son of Queen Victoria." Nor is the scene over the dinner table less entertaining, while Ethel Monticue's performance at the piano and Bernard Clark's singing of a sentimental ballad once more rouse the audience to uproarious merriment.

'Next comes the assembling of the various characters at the Crystal Palace, where Mr. Salteena makes the acquaintance of that extremely affable and high-born young gentleman, the Earl of Clincham, by whom he is confided to the charge of an immaculate valet to be suitably arrayed, after an



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introduction to a luxurious bathroom "provided with all sorts of dodges of a rich nature," in preparation for his appearance at a royal levee. Here the fun grows fast and furious, as Clincham's protégé is presented to the Prince of Wales and other less distinguished celebrities of a delightfully condescending character.

'How the Prince invites Salteena to eat an ice with him, expressing a hope that the two may see more of each other, and how the whole company joins delightfully in the lancers, need hardly be told, nor how in the end Lord Clincham and Ethel come together in Windsor Forest, with results of a highly agreeable nature, for are not these things written in the records of *The Young Visiters?* As to the acting, all praise must be given to Mr. Ben Field for his admirable portrait of the fatuous, commonplace Mr. Salteena, to Miss Edyth Goodall for her clever work as the simpering, but charming, Ethel Monticue, to Mr. Harold Anstruther for his clever study of the heroic Bernard Clark, and to Mr. John Deverell, who as the Earl of Clincham once more revealed comic powers of an exceptional order. Mr. Clarence Blakiston is also to be warmly complimented on his particularly neat sketch of the Prince, and Mr. J. V. Bryant on his skillful production of the piece and designing of the scenery.'

Some twenty-five years ago, when the writer had reached that proud age whose glory lies in the dignity of being sent out alone to do an errand, there were in existence Italian fruit stores upon whose ceilings were pasted great stars of tissue paper. Always blousy, always stained and discolored, these ornaments served as a caravanserai for innumerable flies, and the tossing of a jackknife, a stone, a marble into the affair was sure to summon forth a deep protesting hum from the myriad citizens. These contraptions, to use a homely word, have vanished; vanished into a Victorian past along with the oval jars of colored waters which hung solemnly in the sunny corners of village drug stores. On seeing an illustration of the great new Reinhardt Theatre the other day, the writer was irresistibly reminded of these memories of childhood. The inspiration of the Reinhardt Theatre has been the stalactite; whirl after whirl of drooping points surround the pillars; the balcony fronts show forth the same treatment, and a great, curious, ringed mass hangs, chandelier-wise, from the roof. A fantastic scheme, but one which offers a field for interesting experiments in modern lighting. The orchestra, moreover, is not placed near the stage but in a musicians' gallery, high up in the monstrous building. As for the stage, it is practically the heart of a huge arena.

Such a theatre is particularly fitted to certain productions, and unsuited to others. The *Hamlet* which was lately played there was considered by many as out of place. After all, however, the crucial test of a play is its effect upon the audience and the Reinhardt *Hamlet* was a gigantic success. Now the Grosses Schauspielhaus has a play of its own, 'first performance on any stage.' After *Hamlet*—*Danton*. But let the critic of the *Times*, who was present at the opening performance, give his version of the event.

'You see the French Revolution a living reality before you. You see how Danton, great revolutionary chief though he was, must fight for his life against the fanatics, theorists, and skeptics of the republic; you see how the revolution, which devoured all its own offspring, devoured Danton among them; and you see, as if you

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were an actor in the drama in the terrible events of March and April, 1794, which swept Danton and his companions to their doom.

'The first two acts are artfully contrived to lead up to a tremendous and thrilling climax in which the whole house participates; for — and herein lies the secret of his success — Reinhardt utilizes the arrangement of his new theatre to enfold, as it were, the audience in the stage. The trial scene with all the hateful brutality of partisan judges bent on Danton's destruction, the mob swaying now hither, now thither, in tumultuous impulsiveness — all this is enacted in the midst of the audience. The Court in which Danton and his fellow prisoners are tried is the theatre itself. Reinhardt's supers are stationed in this part of the house and in that, and, as the trial proceeds, give way to bursts of uncontrollable rage alternating with intervals of ominous silence. Cries from above are answered from below, the crowd serges, presses forward, and breaks through with imprecations.

'The audience which could remain insensible to the intense realism of acting such as is here performed would be more than human. The moods so cleverly simulated by the players communicate themselves to the spectators, and the house, worked up to the highest pitch of excitement, bursts into a tempest of enthusiasm. Reinhardt's art is here seen at its best, and it is difficult to believe that in its way it will be surpassed even by himself.'

THE notice in *Le Figaro* of M. Jacques Copeau's production of *The Winter's Tale* at his Paris Theatre du Vieux Colombier recalls to one's mind M. Copeau's management of the French Theatre in New York. Some day when the great mysteries of life are revealed, and the skies are rolled up like a curtain, we may actually get to know, first what M. Copeau intended to do, and secondly what the French Government meant by permitting him to try to do it. In short — to a nation stirred to the depths by the heroism of France, eager to aquaint itself with all that was best in French life and art, there was dispatched a mediocre company which, for a whole season, proceeded to palm off commonplace and often slovenly performances of the forgotten second-rate as typical examples of the best in French dramatic literature. What on earth were they afraid of? Their notion of the United States appeared to be that of a provincial French apothecary. It is as if a gardener should go into a fine garden and make a bouquet out of weeds and flowers that have begun to lose their petals and rot a little, and should then insist on bringing us the offering as a typical product of his garden.

A real French theatre on these American shores would be an incomparable delight. What we ought to have is a company of players of genuine talent ambitious to produce the best contemporary things. For instance, we might to-day be witnessing the stirring *L'Annimateur* which has just had so sensational a success, or Brieux's *Les Americains Chez Nous*. But we had M. Copeau and *L'Abbé Constantin*. May the sins of the management sit heavily upon them! Next time it would be well to try the experiment of confiding the direction of affairs to Americans in close touch with French life and literature rather than to Frenchmen entirely ignorant of American life and thought, and apparently none too well acquainted with contemporary movements in their own country.

RENÉ BENJAMIN whose *Gaspard* had quite a success in America has

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written a new study, *Grandgoujon*. 'Grandgoujon's patronymic is a descriptive label attached to his bulk, and not a bill of contents. Grandgoujon (Poulot to his mother) is — it is no surprise — *indisponible*, in military parlance, on account of his two hundred pounds of solid flesh; his ample bosom swells to the flutter of a standard, and deflates to the sound of a gun; his impressionable heart goes in the safe keeping of a flannel waistcoat, and what he means to do, and what he avers that he has done, overtop the inertia of to-day. In Grandgoujon the aspiration and the deed never hit off the time and the place, save at his *petit restaurant* in the Avenue du Maine.

'But then —"de bonheur, il pleura toutes les larmes de son corps," and when he had a grief —"Dieu, ce chagrin! Chez les gros les chagrins sont terribles." In képi and capote a world too small, he is never wholly out of countenance, and muff, braggart, and malingerer though he be, he yet believes in himself by some miracle, and "ainsi que tous les gros, au geste large, il n'avait aucune gêne près d'un homme qui n'était pas de sa condition." (One sees that!) And so the content of his big parcel of humanity is gradually unclosed. Grandgoujon's tragedy is that the times are too big for him, and his comedy that he is too big for his clothes.'

Lovers of London will be interested to hear that an American building is to to be erected in the Kingsway not far from the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand. The *Manchester Guardian* thus refers to the project: 'On the island site which lies between Aldwich and the Strand and forms the end of Kingsway, the Bush Company of New York, are about to erect a large building of remarkable character designed by Mr. Harvey Corbett, the American architect, whose skyscraper for the parent company in New York, with its brilliant adaptation of the Gothic to so modern a problem, has placed him among the leading American architects. The London building is intended to be a sort of permanent exhibition where manufacturers can have showrooms and salesmen, staff, and buyers be congregated from all parts of the country. The new building, however, is of considerable public interest outside of its commercial aims, for it will "command" Kingsway, and be the central local point of all traffic coming down that street, while on the Strand side its design and scale will affect Gibbs's beautiful little Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, to which it will provide a background.

'Mr. Corbett, however, has designed a building that seems worthy of the site. In the Strand front he has got his effect very simply from the good proportions of his window spaces and the firm delicacy of his grouping. He has refrained from rustication and columns. He had the church well in his mind, and such instances of good manners in architecture are not too common even in London. His chief effect is sought, of course, in the north side, which faces Kingsway. The tall portal with its gigantic pilasters rising to the pediment and the great columns of the entrance, which should group together in a striking modulation of shadows, looks dignified and strong in the severe clerical style of the American school. This central pavilion is linked by a short colonnade with two plain astylar buildings indicating the main plan of the two interior courts, which are to have a space of lawn and possibly an ornamental water. A tower or cupola in the centre of the block that will only be seen at a distance is shown in the model, but its form is not yet settled.'

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[*Land and Water*]

## AN OLD HOUSE

BY FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG

No one lives in the old house; long ago
The voices of men and women left it lonely.
They shuttered the sightless windows in a row,
Imprisoning empty darkness—darkness only.

Beyond the garden-closes, with sudden thunder
The lumbering troop-train passing clanks and jangles;
And I, a stranger, peer with careless wonder
Into the thickets of the garden tangles.

Yet, as I pass, a transient vision dawns
Ghostly upon my pondering spirit's gloom,
Of gray lavender bushes and weedy lawns
And a solitary cherry-tree in bloom.

Yet this the garden was where, on spring nights
Under the cherry-blossom, lovers plighted,
Have wondered at the moony billows white,
Dreaming uncountable springs by love delighted.

Whose eyes have heard the blackbird's jolly whistle,
The shadowy cries of bats in twilight flitting
Zigzag beneath the eaves; or, on the thistle,
The twitter of autumn birds swinging and sitting.

Whose eyes, on winter evenings, slow returning
Saw on the frosted paths pale lamplight fall
Streaming, or, on the hearth, red embers burning,
And shadows of children playing in the hall.

Where have they gone, lovers of another day?
(No one lives in the old house; long ago
They shuttered the sightless windows.)
Where are they,
Whose eyes delighted in this moony snow?

I cannot tell—and little enough they care,
Though April spray the cherry-boughs with light
And autumn pile her harvest unaware
Under the walls that echoed their delight.

I cannot tell—yet I am as those lovers;
For me, who pass on my predestinate way,
The prodigal blossom billows and recovers
In ghostly gardens a hundred miles away.

Yet, in my heart, a melancholy rapture
Tells me that eyes, which now an iron haste
Hurries to iron days, may here recapture
A vision of ancient loveliness gone to waste.

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## A WANDERING THING

The hopeless rain, a sigh, a shadow
Falters and drifts again, again over the meadow,
It wanders lost, drifts hither . . . thither,
It blows, it goes, it knows not whither.

A profound grief, an unknown sorrow,
Wanders always my strange life thoro',
I know not ever what brings it hither,
Nor whence it comes . . . nor goes it whither.

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